

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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NO 7

IS SHOT IN THE FACE BY HUNTER

FI REMAN HERBERT STUBBLE IS BADLY HURT WHEN SHOT IN HIS CAB

TWO CHICAGO MEN HELD

Brakeman Leaps From Train and Places Hunters Under Arrest Immediately

Herbert Stubble, fireman on freight train of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, resident of Milwaukee, was shot in the face and arm by a Chicago hunter, Sunday afternoon, two miles north of Rondout.

The train was running up a grade, going slow and bound for Milwaukee. Stubble was sitting on the seat in the cab of the locomotive. Beside the track were two hunters, one of them armed with a double barreled shot gun.

As the train approached the hunter with the gun raised the weapon and shot point blank at the fireman. One of the shots hit him just on the lid of the right eye; another one in the left eye; five struck his right arm and a few in his face.

At this time of the shooting the head brakeman of the train was also in the cab and as he saw the hunter raise the gun and fire he dodged down and was not hit.

The brakeman leaped from the train and ran after and captured the two reckless hunters and they were taken on the train. They gave their names as: Clarence J. Hartig, 827 Buckinham Place, Chicago, and Fred Waters, 3767 Broadway, Chicago. Hartig admitted that he had fired the shot, but declared that he did not know why he fired, in fact said he never dreamed that the shot would reach the engine.

The injured man was taken to Corliss and Dr. Peehn, local surgeon of the railway company, was waiting; and he accompanied the injured fireman to the Milwaukee hospital. The shot were removed from the eyes and arms and the physician states that he did not believe the eyes will be permanently injured, as when the shot struck the force was about spent.

The man who did the shooting remained at the hospital for a couple of hours and as no one made an effort to arrest or detain him, he took a train for home, leaving his gun and stating that if wanted he would come back any time.

Mr. Stubble is the fireman who was terribly injured in a locomotive explosion near Frankville several months ago, and was only able to leave the hospital one month ago. Hard luck seems to follow him.

WILMOT BOTTLING PLANT IS CHANGED TO BUTTER FACTORY

The milk plant in Wilmot, which has been conducted during the last year by the Wieland Dairy company of Spring Grove has again been taken over by the farmers and will be run as a creamery hereafter. Butter will be made and the product disposed of in the local market.

Bottling and condensing plants have displaced the old creameries throughout that section until at the present time there are left only a very few of the old butter factories, which a few years ago were so numerous throughout the country, and Wilmot will now enjoy the distinction of operating about the only creamery in the locality. Frank Burroughs an experienced buttermaker, is in charge of the farmers factory, succeeding A. D. Loomis, who has been superintendent of the plant for the Wieland company. The creamery was taken over by the farmers, Oct. 1.

Persuading Chinamen.
There are oil and salt wells in China more than 2,000 feet deep that have been drilled through solid rock by hand with the most primitive tools.

Joy Killers.
Some people have a way of telling you to cheer up that sounds as if they were willing to make a bet that you can't.

DEATH STOPS REUNION

The Sudden Death of Mrs. Schreck Stops the Annual Family Reunion

Plans for a family reunion this week of the Schreck family of Libertyville have been abandoned as the result of the sudden death Sunday afternoon of Mrs. R. Schreck, 62 years old, following two strokes of paralysis, which came only a few hours apart. The family reunion has been changed into a funeral and the house which would have rung with laughter, is shrouded in sadness. The reunion was to have started last Saturday night and would have continued the greater part of the week. Different members of the family were present from different states and the affair promised to be a large and enjoyable one.

Mrs. Schreck had been ailing for the last two years but her condition had never been considered critical. On Saturday morning she was stricken with a paralytic stroke and became unconscious. A few hours later she suffered a second stroke and passed away at 2:22 o'clock without having regained consciousness.

She was one of the best, known and most popular residents of Libertyville. She had lived there for the last 38 years.

Besides a husband she leaves the following children, Mrs. Epker, Libertyville; Mrs. Schuttman, Effingham, Ill.; Mrs. Berns, Michigan City, Ind.; Mrs. Zoshier, Waukegan, Rudolph and Wm. of Libertyville.

The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon at the house with interment in the Libertyville cemetery.

REBECCAS HOLD BANQUET

Mrs. Crowell of Rockford, State Instructor Was Present at the Meeting

The members of Lakeside Rebecca lodge enjoyed an unusual treat on Tuesday afternoon and evening of this week. The local lodge was visited by Mrs. Crowell of Rockford, State Instructor of the Rebecca lodge who conducted a school of instruction in the afternoon to the members of the Waukegan and Antioch lodges.

Mrs. Crowell is an entertaining, pleasant and wonderfully instructive speaker. A most beautiful supper was served by the Antioch lodge to the visitors.

Id the evening Mrs. Frank Gray was initiated as a member of the local lodge the work being put on by the degree team from Waukegan. This team has worked together for 11 years and is famous among Odd Fellows all over the country for its work. Those who witnessed the initiation Tuesday evening will long remember the solemn and beautiful lessons so well taught and symbolized by the Waukegan team.

The visit of the Waukegan Rebecca was highly appreciated by all who were there, and altogether it was one of the most successful and delightful sessions ever held in the local lodges.

REGULATIONS FOR ILLINOIS GAME BIRDS

Regulations providing for the protection of all migratory birds in the United States by the Federal government, drafted by the United States Department of Agriculture under authority of the Weeks-McLean migratory bird law, are now the law of the land, having just received the approval of Woodrow Wilson.

Regulations of Department of Agriculture on open seasons:
Brant, ducks, geese, Illinois, Sept. 1-Dec. 15; Wisconsin Sept. 7-Nov. 30.
Ralls, Coots, Gallinules; Illinois Sept. 1-Nov. 30; Wisconsin, Sept. 7-Nov. 30.
Woodcock; Illinois, closed to 1918; Wisconsin, Oct. 1-Nov. 30.

Black breastid and Golden Plover, Jacksnipe or Wilson Snipe, Greater or Lesser Yellowlegs; Illinois, Sept. 1-Dec. 15; Wisconsin Sept. 7-Nov. 30.
No open seasons on migratory insectivorous birds where open season is Sept. 1-Oct. 31. Baudtailed pigeons, little brown, handbill and whooping cranes, swans, curlew and all shore birds except as specified, closed to 1918.

Not a Spiritual Need.

A clergyman was preaching in a strange church one Sunday evening. While at supper at the vicarage afterward a ring came at the bell. The maid entered and said: "Please, sir, there is a man at the door who says he wants to speak to the preacher." The clergyman, thinking he was going to interview some one, got up with alacrity and went into the hall. Here he saw a tall, powerful-looking man about his own size. "Well, my good man, what can I do for you?" he asked, thinking of the other spiritually. "Well, sir, I was thinking, while I was a-listening to yer preaching, as how yer might have a pair of trousers as w' 'st mail."

TOOK MONEY; WANTED TO SEE SIGHTS

Lake Forest Man Goes to Chicago With \$60 Saturday and is Broke Monday

ASKED FRIEND FOR MONEY

The Young Man Was Arrested by Police For Cashing Checks and Spending the Money

William Killiam, 22 years old, a young man employed as a delivery clerk in a Lake Forest grocery store, was given a hearing on Tuesday before Justice Matthews of Lake Forest on a charge of having stolen two checks aggregating \$56 from Alphonse Clausen last Saturday. He denied having stolen them but said that Mrs. Clausen had given the checks to him. He was bound over to the grand jury in bonds of \$1000 and being unable to furnish bail has been brought to the Lake county jail. Killiam was discovered in Chicago when he asked a Lake Forest man he knew and asked him for twenty-five cents.

According to the story told by the Clausens, Killiam delivered groceries to their home. In a drawer in the bedroom off the kitchen were two checks, properly endorsed. It is charged that Killiam stole these checks and going to the Anderson & Sons grocery store got them cashed.

The police say he then drove his wagon to Lamb's Crossing about one and one half mile south of Lake Forest where he abandoned the outfit and boarded a street car going to Chicago. When he got there he \$60 with him.

He had yearned for the bright lights of the city and set out to have one glorious time. "Sporting" he found cost considerable. From Saturday night until Sunday morning his mind is a blank. When he awoke on Sunday morning he had just \$1.50 in his pocket. It did not take long to get rid of this money and on Monday he found himself stranded with not a cent in his pocket.

As he walked along State street he met William Flecker, a Lake Forest man whom he knew. He asked him for 25 cents, telling that he was "clean broke." Flecker had heard about the theft of money at Lake Forest and he at once turned Killiam over to a policeman. Then stepping to a telephone he called to the Lake Forest police and asked what he should do with the fellow. He was told to cause him to be locked up. The Lake Forest police then lost no time in making their way to Chicago. Killiam seemed quite willing to return. His brief experience with the ways of a big city convinced him that his first venture into "sporting life" was not successful.

CLARA ISBESTER EARL HUNTER MARRIED AT WAUKEGAN

On Thursday last week at Waukegan occurred the marriage of Miss Clara Isbester to Earl Hunter, James Welch, Justice of the Peace, tying the knot.

The bride is the only daughter of James Isbester, who lives on a farm north of Antioch, while the groom is a son of William Hunter, a farmer residing north of Antioch and is in the employ of the Public Service company here.

The bride and groom are both popular young people and congratulations are extended by the News and a large circle of friends.

Mongolian Mutton Eaters.

According to a recent traveler in Mongolia, the inhabitants of that country are great meat eaters, living in some cases entirely on mutton. In comparing the foods, the native will ask if they are as good as mutton. It is not uncommon for a Mongol to consume ten pounds of meat at one sitting. He pours mutton fat in his tea, which is prepared with milk from brick tea (the poorest grade pressed in bricks), and of this he drinks enormous quantities; 30 cups a day is not an uncommon amount for an adult. There are no regular hours for eating; the native eats when opportunity offers.

PROGRAM FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL MEET

The Convention Will be Held at This Place October 28-29, in M. E. Church

MANY GOOD SPEAKERS

Hugh Clark, General Secretary of State Association and University Professor Among the Speakers

The Forty-third Annual Lake County Sunday School convention will be held Oct. 28-29 inclusive in this village. Several prominent speakers have been secured and an original program in the form of four square program is to be rendered.

Hugh Clark, general secretary of the Illinois Sunday school association, who has just returned from the World's convention at Zurich, Switzerland, has promised to give an interesting talk.

Prof. Harding, chief of the dairy husbandry department in Illinois University will speak on "The City Milk Problem." This is a subject that will interest people not interested in Sunday school work and it is stated that the address will have a special value for farmers and city people who are compelled to buy milk.

The Rev. Boynton, pastor of a large Baptist church in Chicago will speak on "Sunday School and Temperance." The Rev. Boynton is a live worker and has done much in obtaining the aid of the Sunday school against the saloon.

The Rev. MacDonald, who is quite a celebrated rural minister in Illinois will give some interesting facts about the much agitated problem, "Rural Sunday School Work." He is famous throughout this state for his earnest work along this line. He is a fluent and enthusiastic speaker and commands attention everywhere.

The convention is an annual event and is attended by people throughout the county. Many who are not interested in Sunday school work attend because of the fine programs presented. It will occupy two days, the first being given over to the business of the association which is made necessary by the holding of these conventions. F. W. Cook, of North Chicago, is the present president and Henry Kuebler of Grayslake is secretary.

The music will be the special attraction of the convention. Prof. Rice of Waukegan and Mr. McNeil of Zion City have been secured to lead the singing.

KNICKERBOKER CLAIM THEY OWN THE LAKE

A suit in McHenry county, Illinois, that is attracting considerable interest in this vicinity is the one of the State of Illinois vs. the Knickerbocker Ice company which involves title to Crystal lake, the most popular and prosperous summer resort in McHenry county by reason of the use of the lake for boating, fishing and bathing purposes.

The ice company in question published notice over a year ago warning all persons to keep off from the lake and threatened the prosecution of anyone who used the lake for boating or bathing purposes, and commenced to erect a high woven wire fence with which it was intended to surround the lake and exclude the public from its use.

To offset this residents filed a bill in chancery praying for an injunction to restrain the ice company from fencing the lake and excluding the public from its use. Judge Donnelly granted a temporary injunction, which has remained in force up to this time.

The Knickerbocker Ice Co. claims title to the lake by reason of its having been sold by the land commissioners years ago as swamp land and maintain that the public is now barred from questioning their because of the fact that they have paid taxes upon it for years.

Home-Made Enamel Cement.
Take equal parts of soft putty, finely sifted, coal ashes and sifted table salt. Mix and pack well into the hole of your kettle. Place pan on stove with a little water in it until the cement hardens.

NEW FISH IS DISCOVERED

Steel Head Fish is Found in Lake Michigan by Fishermen

Thousands of Isaac Weltons in Wisconsin and Illinois are much wrought up over the appearance in Lake Michigan of a new fish "the steel head trout." Also, with the new fish, has come a vision of the shores of Lake Michigan being dotted with salmon fisheries and canneries, rivaling the famous salmon of the Pacific coast. Many of the new fish have been caught near Kenosha.

During the last season commercial fishermen took upward of 25,000 pounds of a new fish resembling the ocean salmon, from Lake Michigan. Most of the fish were found in pound nets near the shore. No satisfactory name could be applied until the United States bureau of fisheries determined upon the name of "steel-headed trout" and volunteered the information that the new piscatorial prize was a near relative to the salmon of the Pacific coast.

The advent of the steel headed trout in Lake Michigan is the result of the successive planting by the United States bureau of fisheries of fry obtained from the Pacific coast. From 1895 to 1904, 200,000 steel-headed trout and fingerlings were planted in the vicinity of Isle Koyale, Lake Superior. The fish increased in number and migrated rapidly until in 1906 they were often caught on Lake Michigan shores. Since that time the catches have increased with each season.

The steel-head trout resembles the Pacific coast salmon in detail. The average weight is from 6 to 7 pounds, while highly valued for canning, it is superior to the ocean salmon as a fresh fish. The flesh which is red, is firm and fleshy and devoid of the excess fat found in its salt water cousin.

As a game fish, the steel-head trout is said to have no equal. It is considered possible that the next session of the legislature will be asked to protect the steel-head by game laws.

ATTACKED BY MAD BULL

Two Boys Saves Live of Man By Driving Off Mad Bull With Pitchforks

Hjalmar Juhlin, an employee of Mrs. Harry Rouse, who conducts a farm one mile south of Rockefeller and near Diamond Lake was attacked and trampled under foot by an infuriated bull on Sunday about noon and owes his escape from death to the fact that two boys went to his assistance in the nick of time. Juhlin sustained one broken rib and injuries to his back, but Dr. Galloway of Libertyville who attended him is inclined to think that he will survive the attack unless it is found in a few days that he sustained internal injuries.

Juhlin was leading the bull to a water trough, holding it by means of a metal ring in his nose. Suddenly the animal jerked loose and before the farm hand could get out of the way the angry bull was upon him. Fortunately the animal had been dehorned as otherwise Juhlin would have been disemboweled.

The force of the blow knocked Juhlin to the ground. Without giving him an opportunity to rise the bull continued to butt him around and stamp on his prostrate body.

Ralph and John Rouse, young sons of the proprietress of the farm saw Juhlin's danger and rushed to his assistance. One of them grabbed up a pitchfork while the other pluckily caught hold of the ring in the bull's nose. He twisted this ring while the other stabbed the animal with the tines of the fork and in this manner they drove him away from the injured man.

Juhlin was assisted into the house and Dr. Galloway summoned immediately. Juhlin gives the credit for his escape from death to the two boys.

New Soil Expert Engaged

Donald Blair will reach Libertyville this week to take up the farm-soil improvement work in Lake county started some time ago by Prof. Morse and will do work for any member of the association without cost. All you have to do is to call Paul McGuffin's office, Libertyville, and he will respond.

Mr. Blair has been running a big feed farm in Kane county for the Gerten-Cooper company. He has had wide experience, being a practical farmer and having had courses at several big agricultural schools. He plans being in Lake county only the latter part of each week for the present.

Meanest Will.
Probably the meanest will on record was that of an Englishman who left to his wife the sum of half a cent, or one farthing, with the direction that it should be sent to her by post in an unstamped envelope.

REVOLUTION IN JOLIET BY WOODMEN

Sixteen of Twenty-one Camps in Will County Join in the Insurgent Movement

WILL OUST HEAD OFFICERS

Exponents of Moderate Increase in Rates Hear Ex-Attorney General Smith

A revolution in the management of the Modern Woodmen is forecasted as a result of the federation of camps in Will county, 16 out of 21 of which are opposed to the new rates.

This was made clear at the big gathering of insurgent Woodmen, held in Joliet one night recently and addressed by Former Assistant Attorney General Smith, the man who secured the injunction staying the increased rates.

At the meeting, it was developed that the head camp has been flooding the country with special workers to offset the activities of the insurgents, and to secure an endorsement of their plans to increase the rates. It was also alleged that the old line companies were working for the overthrow of the organization and the absorption of the great surplus carried by the order.

This is borne out by the change in the by-laws secured at the last head camp, by which the property of the big secret society benefit association is to be controlled by an inner circle of head camp officials. By the terms of this new by-law, it is claimed, it will be possible to distribute the surplus among the big officials in the event a row disrupts the order and dissipates the membership. It was shown that the membership has dropped 25 per cent since the fight started, but that the order is in fine financial condition. The tenor of all the speeches was that the politicians should be driven from control, and the order restored to men of the Dr. Branson type who have no political ambitions and who will act for the good of the organization.

The Springfield speaker appeared to be a type fitted to enter the national councils of the order. He had come into the movement with a vast amount of information, at a critical time, and turned the tide against the head camp. He declares that the purpose of the order was not to create a surplus that would tempt the cupidity of men, but to furnish a brotherly compact, in which all would share responsibility in time of trouble.

Millions have been netted by the order due to lapses and these help to keep the rates down. On the other hand, the old-line companies reap vast profits because of lapses and higher rates.

He presented a mass of figures, all tending to show that the Woodmen order is in fine shape, but that ambitious men have attempted to wreck the organization and divide up the \$10,000,000 surplus. To offset this will require great vigilance for the next six months and the election of men as clerks and other county delegates who are standing with the membership and not with the head camp combination.

An indication of the spirit of the 11th congressional district insurgents is gathered from the fact that they have already raised about \$3,500 to carry on the work. During the next few weeks an additional assessment of about 50 cents per member will be raised to carry the fight into the districts not reached by friendly newspapers and insurgent workers.

Chinese Canals Greatest.

China has led the world in the matter of canal making, and to this day stands first among the nations for the skillful utilization of her inland waterways. One great canal maintains communication between Peking and Canton, a distance of 1,200 miles, and the total extent of the canals of China is over 5,000 miles. Russia owns the longest canal in the world, extending from St. Petersburg to the Chinese frontier, a distance of 4,472 miles, and also the second longest, covering 1,424 miles, between Astrakhan and St. Petersburg. As regards numbers of separate canals Holland claims precedence, but her total mileage of inland waterways is only 920 miles.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Capital Is Taking on the Attributes of a Metropolis



WASHINGTON—"I used to think that Washington was the quietest big city in the world," sighed a "good old times" person, "and I loved it on that account. But now—" The sigh and the shake of the head were eloquent.

If memory serves, it was Mrs. Adams, wife of the president, who complained of Washington as a wilderness. The streets, she said, were composed of mud that covered the hubs of the wheels of her carriage. Probably, with such a paving there was practically no noise of traffic—likewise no traffic.

"The city protects its citizens from unnecessary noises," said Maj. Sylvester, "but as Washington each year takes on more and more the attributes of a metropolis the number of necessary noises increases."

Just then a man blustered into the outer office and demanded a copy of the police regulations.

"I want," he said, "to find out what we've got to submit to, and what we haven't. A crowd of boys congregates in the alley back of our house. They yell and howl there and play ball, and they cut up the brooms that they find in the alley entrances and use them for bats."

"What will you do about that?" the correspondent asked Maj. Sylvester.

"It must go through the courts."

"But the policemen on that beat—shouldn't he have done something?"

"We'll investigate that. There are regulations forbidding ball playing, and disorderly conduct on the city thoroughfares."

Meanwhile the Irish gentleman had followed a quiet-spoken individual who had asked him to "come with me and make a statement."

Then there is the tragic story of the apartment house resident—the cliff dweller of civilization. One of these, wooing a greatly desired morning nap, is awakened in the young hours of the morning by the milkman. The milkman has been awake those many hours, and has absorbed all that exhalation which, so we are told, may be extracted from the dawn. Having absorbed said exhalation, the milkman proceeds to exude it again for the benefit of all whom it may concern—whether the beneficiaries desire it or not.

Then comes the ice man, clatter, clatter, into the alley. Certain horses must be addressed in loud and mandatory tones—else they will stand just right. A swarm of boys must deliver ice in all directions, and call across intervening space for instructions. But, at last, they, too, go.

Fewer Strong Men Found Among Recruits of Today

RECRUITS in the army are deteriorating in physical standards since the days of the Civil war, according to Captain Harold W. Jones and other officers of the army medical corps. During a recent investigation measurements of 500 recruits were examined, and it was found that the percentage of strong men enlisted is by far the lowest at the present day, only 33 per cent., as against 57 per cent. in 1875.

The men considered weak at the present time are 43 per cent., as against 10 per cent. in 1875. Attention is called to the fact that the percentage of foreign-born recruits has fallen from more than 60 per cent. to about 25 per cent. It is suggested that many of the recruits obtained years ago were hardy German and Irish emigrants of stocky build, which may account for the great difference in the percentage of strong men.

"We must take the figures cautiously," says that officer. "As I have said, I think there is no doubt that we are getting a different type of man in the service today from what we got years ago; he may be just as good and he may have more brains, but



he does not seem to have as much brawn."

"Whether the present-day recruit would last as well under the old conditions of hard frontier service with sanitary conditions far inferior to those of the present time is hard to say, but I think it doubtful if he would."

"The high percentage of strong men in 1875 to 1879 may be due to the fact that the recruiting, at least in this part of the country, was not very active then and the army could pick its men, accepting only the hardest and best. Finally, I believe further investigation along the lines suggested in this paper in other parts of the country might tell us whether our standard is really deteriorating or not."

They Knew President Wilson as Boy "Tommy"



IN the throng of visitors at the executive offices the other day President Wilson found two friends of his boyhood days, the Misses Elizabeth M. and Ellen D. Bellamy of Wilmington, N. C. The two sisters, well advanced in age, were ushered into the outer offices just as the president, according to his usual custom, began shaking hands with the friends of congressmen.

"There he is now," said one of the sisters; "I knew I could tell him, but how old he has gotten. We used to call him Tommy. I am afraid I'll call him that yet."

"You mustn't do that," interrupted

ed the other. "It's Mr. President now."

"You know the first time I ever saw him," said Miss Ellen, "was when he was riding a bicycle."

"It was the first time I ever saw a bicycle, too," rejoined her sister.

The two sisters told one of the secretaries how their brother, as family physician for the Wilsons, was summoned to attend the mother of the future president.

"Tommy came over," said Miss Ellen, "to get me to stay with his mother. He stayed around and was a very helpful boy. I said at that time Tommy would make a fine husband for somebody some day. How proud his father would be if he could see him now."

Just then the president came over, the two women introduced themselves, and President Wilson said he remembered them quite well. He expressed his regret that Mrs. Wilson and the members of his family were not home to greet them, and the two sisters went forth beaming with satisfaction.

She Proves to Husband Her Wifely Devotion

REPRESENTATIVE Clayton of Alabama dropped in on Postmaster General Burleson the other day and found him sweltering over some unpronounceable postoffice addresses. He came to the rescue by telling of some of his own experiences.

"One of my good friends and supporters in all my races for congress," Judge Clayton averred, "had the unique name of Doremus Prasmus Cadwallader Riddesberger. One night, continued the judge, 'I went to a country dance not far from my home and among the dancers was a Mr. Pinkney Comblinton, who had for his partner Miss Mahaty Maholyback."

Mr. Burleson seemed to doubt the veracity of the Alabama member.

"That's not all," continued the judge. "A young colored woman, smiling



ing and jolly-looking, came to our house one day bearing a fat little infant of the female sex. 'The proud mother on being asked the name of her offspring replied: 'You know dat I loves my husband I sho' am awful fond of dat man, and so I called our baby a name to show how much my love is for its father. I named it Truly Thine Own.'"

WHEN IRELAND GETS HOME RULE



When home rule is established in Ireland it is likely that the building now occupied by the Bank of Ireland, in College Green, Dublin, will again become the Irish parliament house, as it was long ago. Below the picture of the bank are Jim Larkin (left) and Joseph Devlin (right), who will be rivals for the leadership of the Labor party in the Irish parliament.

LEAVE PUERTA PLATA SULZER IS REMOVED

U. S. WARSHIPS PREVENT GERMAN SHIP ENTERING HARBOR.

Complications Expected to Arise by Action of Commander—No Report at Washington.

Cape Haitien, Oct. 18.—American warships blockading the port of Puerto Plata refused to permit the German steamship Sylra, from Sanchez, to enter the harbor Thursday.

The situation at Puerto Plata is considered critical. The city is threatened with attack by land and sea. Foreigners are taking refuge on board vessels in the harbor.

The revolutionists have been advised by the American commander to stop hostilities. Otherwise, he says, troops will be landed. The American consul at Puerto Plata is urging all American citizens to leave the city.

War operations were resumed when the rebels refused to accept the terms of a treaty of peace that was brought about by James M. Sullivan, the American minister.

Washington, Oct. 18.—No report has been received at the state department on the reported action of American warships refusing to permit the German steamship Sylra to enter Puerto Plata. If this has been done complications with the German government over the situation there probably will arise.

MINE EXPLOSION KILLS 400

Blast in Colliery at Cardiff Entombs Miners—Fire Causes Death of Men.

Cardiff, Wales, Oct. 16.—Four hundred Welsh coal miners are believed to have lost their lives from fire and afterward in the Universal colliery at Senghenydd Tuesday.

The day shift of 331 men descended the shafts in the cages at five o'clock. An hour afterwards a deafening report brought the inhabitants in the vicinity of the mine running to the pit head, where they found the ventilating and hoisting machinery at the top of the shaft had been blown to atoms by an explosion of great violence. A man who had been working sixty feet away had been decapitated by the force of the blast.

On the west side, where the explosion occurred, fire soon added its horrors and the rescue parties were unable to make any progress.

MARSHALL CLASSIFIES SELF

Vice-President Declares He Doesn't Know Whether He Is Fish or Fowl, or Just Plain Hash.

Washington, Oct. 18.—"Nobody stings our government was formed has been able to tell whether a vice-president is fish or fowl, or just plain hash." Thus Vice-President Marshall classified himself in a speech before Washington Masons on class distinction. He said: "We speak of not finding in America what we call our classes. But we do build unconsciously classes in America, some dependent on wealth, some on distinction and place."

\$150,000 Fire in Reno, Nev.

Reno, Nev., Oct. 20.—Fire early destroyed the Nevada Hardware and Supply Company building here. The loss was \$150,000. The cause was unknown. The fire was the most spectacular and the largest here in years.

Tammany Head to Resign.

New York, Oct. 21.—A report has been circulated that Charles F. Murphy is to retire as leader of Tammany Hall immediately after election. One purpose, it was alleged, would be to give Edward S. McCall full rein.

Murderer Held Inmate.

Murfreesboro, Ark., Oct. 21.—Not guilty of murder, but inmate when the crime was committed, was the verdict of a jury that tried T. J. Turner for the killing of his wife and Miss Rhodie Carter. Turner confessed.

SAYS "BOSS" WROTE VERDICT

Court of Impeachment by Vote of 43 to 12 Removes Chief From Office—Refuse to Bar Him From Further Positions.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 18.—William Sulzer ceased to be governor of the state of New York Friday. He was removed from office by the high court of impeachment by a vote of 43 to 12, members not voting.

Martin H. Glynn, lieutenant governor, was sworn in as his successor, the first in the history of the state to step into its high office in this manner.

Robert F. Wagner, Democratic leader of the senate, became lieutenant governor. The verdict of the court was that Sulzer was guilty of falsification, perjury and an attempt to suppress evidence against him. Of all other charges he was acquitted.

By a virtually unanimous vote the impeachment tribunal also decided that Sulzer should not be punished by disqualification to hold office of honor and trust in this state in the future. This would have been the extreme penalty under the law.

The ousted executive was served with a copy of the verdict of the court at the executive mansion—christened by himself "the people's home"—at night.

"Good. I thank you," he said to the sergeant-at-arms of the senate, who delivered the document.

The outgoing executive issued a statement in which he denounced the tribunal which had removed him as "Murphy's high court of infamy."

"Murphy controlled the assembly and ordered the impeachment," Sulzer said. "He controlled most of the members of the court and dictated procedure and wrote the judgment. He was the judge and jury; the prosecutor and the bailiff."

He entered a general denial of all the charges in the impeachment articles, denied he had ever asked Allan A. Ryan to obtain the influence of Murphy or Republican State Chairman Barnes to stop the trial; said the testimony of Henry Morgenthau could be explained; asserted that every dollar that had been given him during his campaign had been properly accounted for; that he was \$76,000 in debt; that he had been "faithful to his trust," and that he "handed back to the people the commission they gave me untarnished and unswayed."

Governor William Sulzer was convicted on Thursday by the high court of impeachment on three counts. The final vote was 43 to 12. He was declared innocent of the charges contained in article 3.

Presiding Judge Edgar M. Cullen, who will shortly retire from the bench, voted "not guilty" on every article and rendered a long opinion in explaining his votes. The eight other judges of the court of appeals were divided.

Washington, Oct. 20.—Application for a review of impeachment proceedings never has been presented to the Supreme court. There is said to be no federal law for this.

Helress Sues Her Husband.

New York, Oct. 21.—Mrs. Ada Sorg Drouillard, daughter of the late Paul A. Sorg, who amassed millions in the tobacco business in Ohio, has sued her husband, Capt. James Pierre Drouillard for divorce.

Potter's Absence Strange.

Paris, Oct. 21.—The friends of Paul M. Potter, American playwright, are more and more mystified at his unexplainable absence and his silence. The most persistent search reveals no trace of him.

MILITANT ENTERS U.S.

MRS. PANKHURST NOT GUILTY OF "MORAL TURPITUDE," SAYS CAMINETTI.

MAKES FIRST SPEECH HERE

British Suffragette Says Greatest Blow Has Been Dealt at English Opposition to Women's Vote.

New York, Oct. 22.—Within an hour after Commissioner General of Immigration Caminetti had found her not guilty of "moral turpitude," Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst was allowed to land on United States soil and made a public speech before a crowd that thronged the Battery.

Mrs. Pankhurst left Ellis Island Monday on a government tug and was landed at the Battery. She had been accompanied across the bay by 25 ardent suffragists, who had gone on the island earlier in the day to serenade her, and when she left the boat she found awaiting her a crowd of several hundred, mostly women, who cheered wildly for the liberated woman.

"What has happened today is one of the greatest steps in the face that official Great Britain has ever had in its fight against the irresistible wave of sentiment for women suffrage," she said. "Great Britain does not want me to tell the truth. Great Britain did not want me to come to the United States for that reason. But I am here to tell the whole truth about the suffrage workers in Great Britain."

"I have come here to tell everything I know about suffrage. It is a great battle because it is for a great cause. We are being opposed bitterly in England."

"I believe our most bitter opponents are Premier Asquith and Home Secretary McKenna. McKenna is pig-headed; narrow minded and ignorant. He and Asquith are doing all in their power to block suffrage, but their efforts remind me of Canute speaking to the sea."

Mrs. Pankhurst said she had been well treated at Ellis Island.

"I am glad the great mass of people in the United States appreciate the true meaning of the fight I am making," she went on. "I am glad they realize it is not a fight based on selfishness or self-seeking notoriety. The action in my case was prompt. I believe, because of the great wave of protest brought forward by my being held up. I was expecting to hear at any moment from Washington when Commissioner Uhl came to me and told me I was free to go any place I liked."

From the Battery Mrs. Pankhurst went to the home of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. She dined with prominent suffrage leaders at the Aldine club at night and her first speech will be delivered Friday night.

Washington, Oct. 22.—Federal Commissioner of Immigration Antonio Caminetti on Monday revoked the order of the special board of inquiry deporting Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the famous British suffragette, and directed that she be allowed to enter the country.

Commissioner Caminetti decided that Mrs. Pankhurst should be admitted on her own recognizance on those grounds:

FIRST—Because of doubt on the question of moral turpitude.

SECOND—Because she can be prosecuted in the United States courts if she violates the law.

THIRD—Because she can be deported if she violates the law.

Caminetti's decision came at the close of a conference held between high officials to determine whether Mrs. Pankhurst should be allowed to enter the United States or whether she be deported "as an undesirable alien."

DEMOCRAT WINS IN ILLINOIS

Charles C. Craig of Galesburg Elected to Supreme Court Over L. D. Puterbaugh by 3,000 Majority.

Peoria, Ill., Oct. 22.—Returns from all of the ten counties in the Fifth supreme district on Monday showed the election of Charles C. Craig, Democrat, of Galesburg, to the supreme bench by a majority over Leslie D. Puterbaugh of 3,000.

Judge Puterbaugh carried Peoria county by 1,200 majority. It is said to be the first time in the history of Illinois judicial elections that a millionaire has been sent to the supreme bench.

Judge J. M. Nicholas, Democrat, won in the Tenth judicial district. In the race for the probate judgeship Walter A. Clitch was victorious.

Import Rate Case Decided.

Washington, Oct. 22.—The interstate commerce commission ordered that for two years the railroad rates on imports west-bound from New York and Boston shall be the same. This ends the celebrated import rate case.

Mrs. Sulzer's Kin to Wed.

Philadelphia, Oct. 22.—A license to marry was issued here to Miss Ernestine V. Rodenhelm, sister of the wife of William Sulzer, deposed governor of New York, and Walter M. Fridenberg, Edgo Hill road, Cleveland, O.

Ask Confederate Pension.

Washington, Oct. 22.—A plan to have \$60,000,000 derived from the civil war cotton tax now in the treasury diverted to pensions for Confederate soldiers and their widows was presented to Senator Hanford.

An optimist is a little sunshine for a

Dr. Peary's Vermifuge and expels Worms in 48

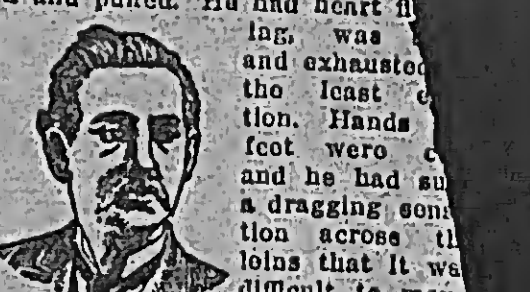
In a year Turkey produces 100,000 bales of cotton—each.

Be sure that you ask for Vegetable Pills, and look for the name of Wm. Wright on wrapper. Cautious, Milwaukee, Wis. Adv.

The Reason. "Pop, why do secret societies have to ride the goat?" "That's the way they have in."

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY

The Rev. Edmund Heslop of London, Pa., suffered from Dropsy year. His limbs and feet were swollen and puffed. He had heart trouble.



After using boxes of Dods' Kidney Pills the swelling disappeared and he felt himself again. He says he has been benefited and blessed by the use of Dods' Kidney Pills.

Several months later he wrote: I have not changed my faith in your remedy since the above statement was authorized. Correspond with Rev. E. Heslop about this wonderful remedy.

Dods' Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dods Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Life's Winnings.

At the age of twenty-one a man goes out hunting for a fortune. Along about the time he is sixty he comes back bringing a house and lot, upon which there is a \$1,200 mortgage, and a life insurance policy for \$2,000.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Oil From Trees.

The Chinese wood-oil tree is the subject of a circular by David Fairchild, recently published by the U. S. bureau of plant industry, the purpose of the publication being to advocate an extensive cultivation of the tree in this country, where it has been grown in a small way since 1906.

The importance of this recommendation is shown by the fact that five million gallons of wood oil (also known as tung oil), made from the seeds of this plant, was imported from China last year, and the product is said to have had a revolutionary effect on the varnish industry of the United States.

How to Work While You Play.

A French collaborator of Thomas Edison has just invented a sewing machine which is also a piano. Its mechanism is so arranged that every time the operator strikes a note on the keyboard, she completes one stitch. A single waltz will form three handkerchiefs—Beethoven's symphony will sew an entire trousseau. Thus, the dressmaker can work and play at one and the same time, and the more they play, the more they work. To bring the invention into the vogue it is so fully merits, schools will be established in many parts of France for the training of young women for the degree of M. P. M.—"master pianist." Music with its charms will thus be given an undoubted utilitarian value, and all the roundabout societies "for the furtherance of musical appreciation" will be left in the shade by a simple mechanical contrivance.

Breakfast Sunshine

Post Toasties

and Cream

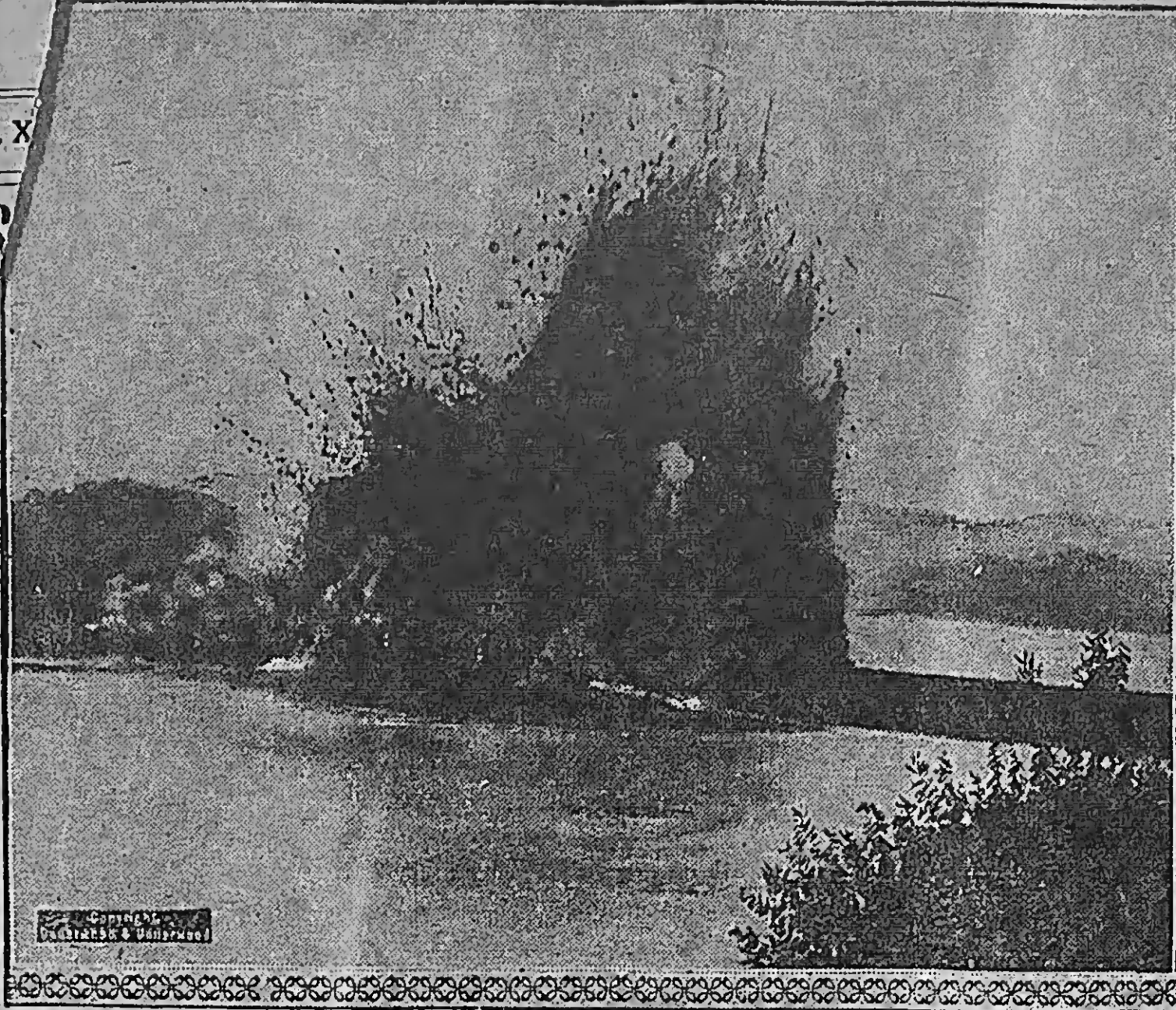
There's a delicious smack in these crisp, appetizing bits of toasted corn that brings brightness and good cheer to many and many a breakfast table.

Toasties are untouched by hand in making; and come in tightly sealed packages—clean and sweet—ready to eat with cream and sugar.

Wholesome Nourishing Easy to Serve

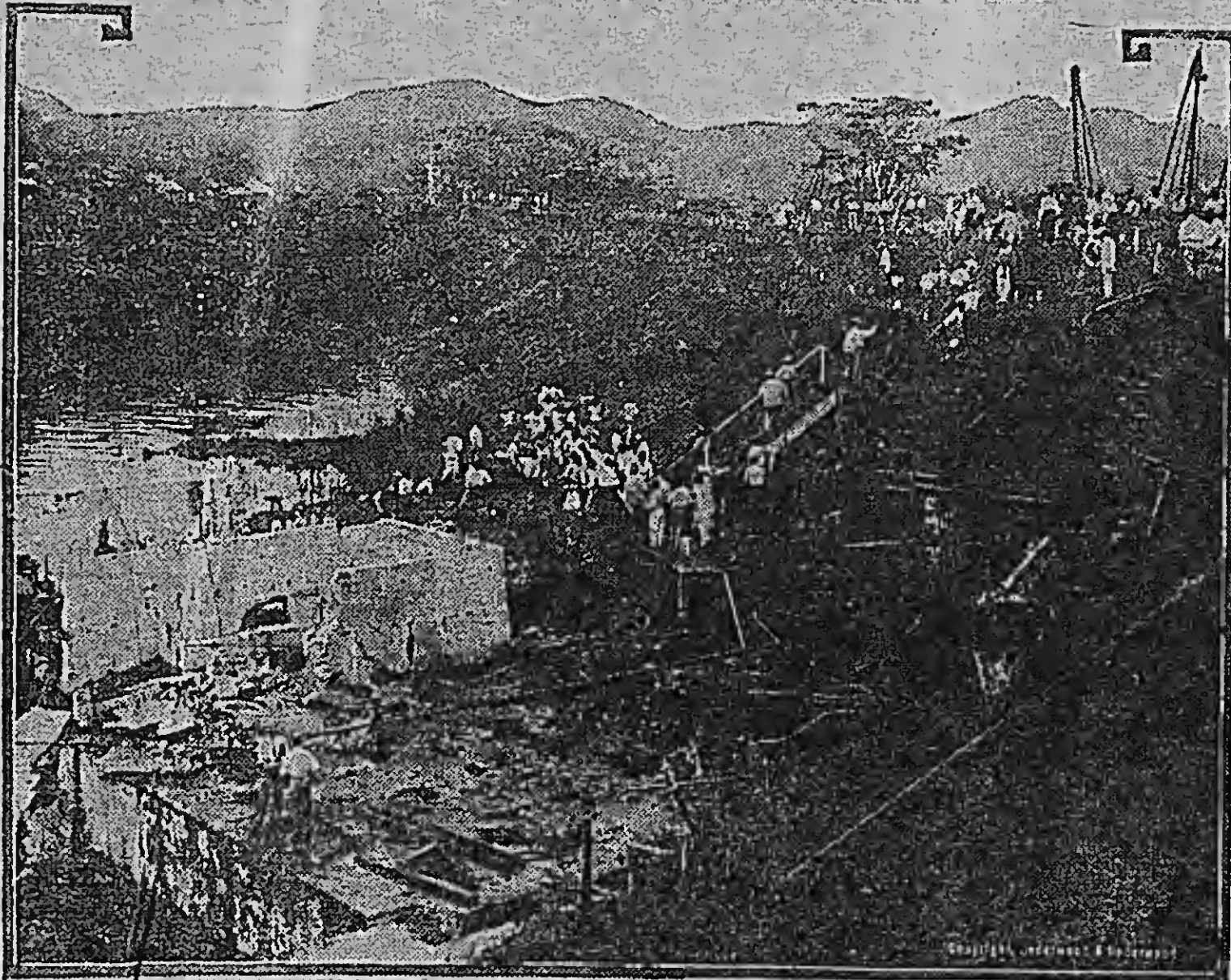
Sold by grocers everywhere.

EXPLOSION THAT DESTROYED GAMBOA DIKE



When President Wilson pressed a button in the White House 1,277 great charges of dynamite were exploded in the Panama Canal Zone and the Gamboa Dike was blown to pieces. The muffled roar of the explosion was echoed by the cheers of thousands of spectators and instantly the cables flashed to all parts of the world the news that this climax in the building of the wonderful canal had been reached and passed. No ceremonies attended the event, but the heart of every American beat high with pride in the achievement of his countrymen. The explosion was a "clean" one, lifting out of the dike a section sixty feet wide. Through this gap rushed the waters of Gatun lake, which at the time were six feet above the level of the water which had been let into the cut through pipes to act as a cushion for the explosion.

LETTING THE FIRST WATER INTO CULEBRA CUT



Before the blowing up of the Gamboa Dike a certain amount of water was let into the Culebra Cut through pipes in the dike, in order to form a cushion for the great explosion.

GOVERNOR AND MRS. METCALF SEE EXPLOSION



Among those who witnessed the dynamiting of the Gamboa Dike were Governor Metcalf of the Canal Zone and his wife.

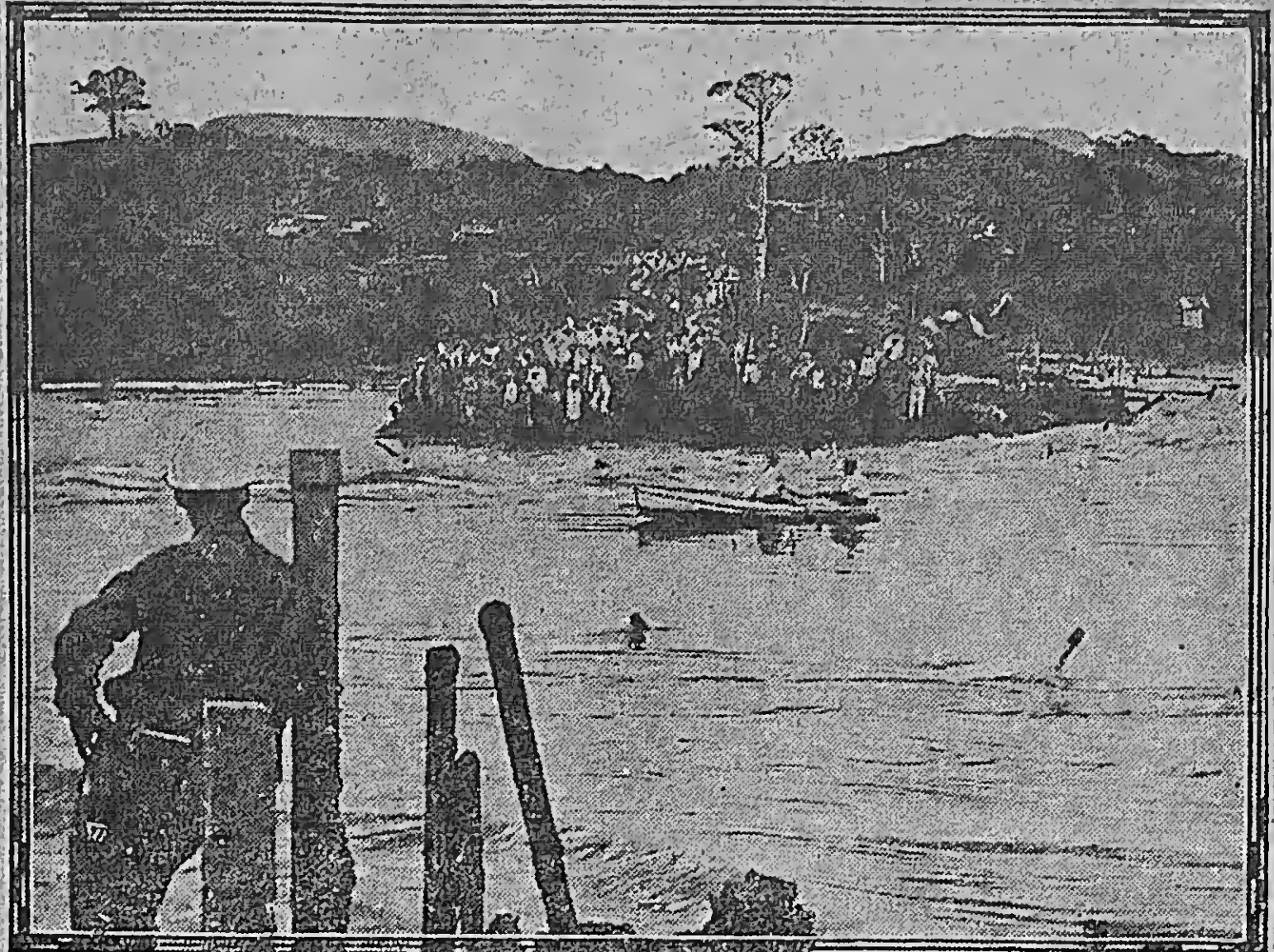
COL. WILLIAM C. GORGAS



Colonel Gorgas, who, as head of the department of sanitation in the Canal Zone, really made possible the building of the canal, has just gone to South Africa to undertake the task of bettering the sanitary conditions of the hundreds of thousands of miners employed there.

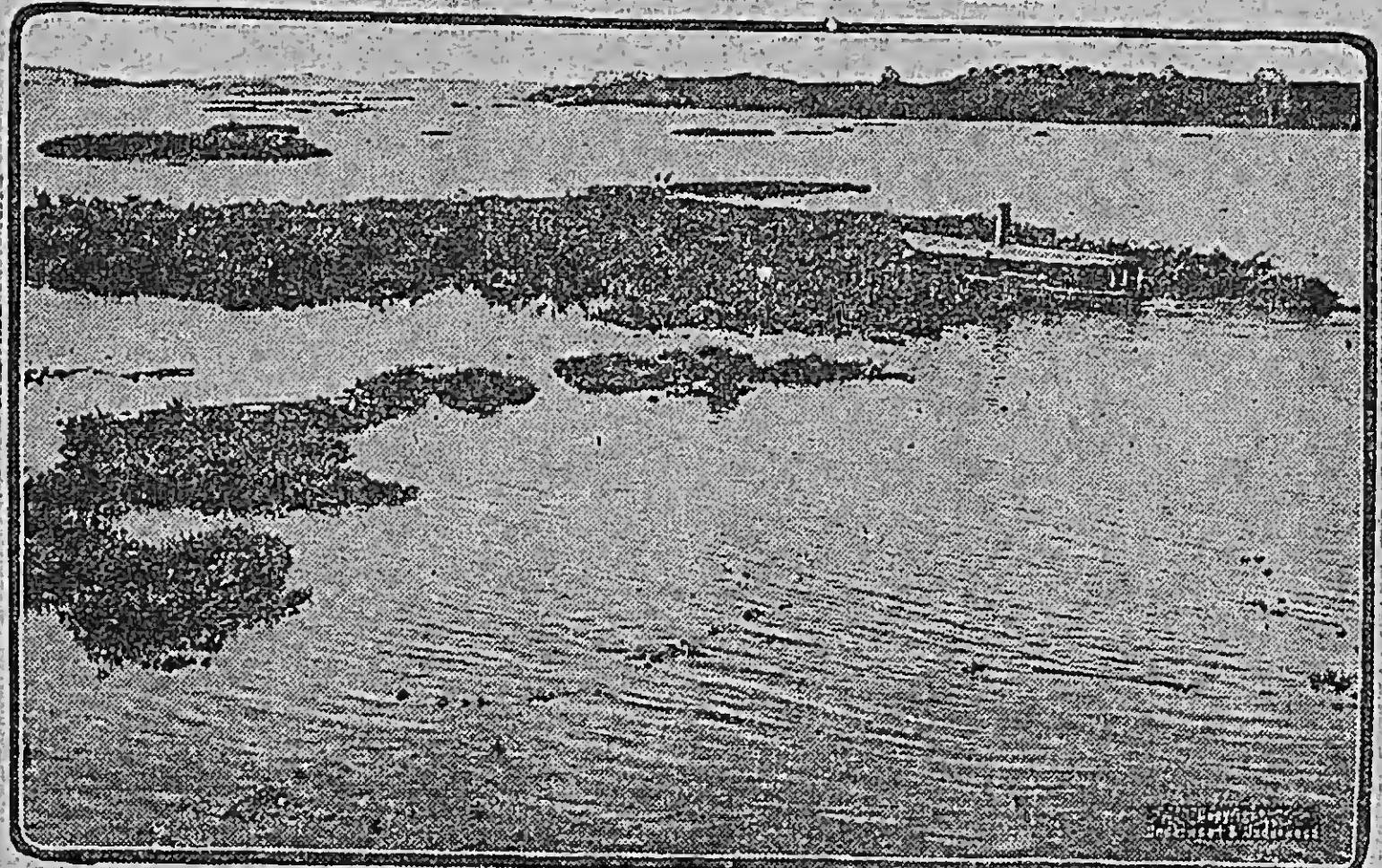
The eternal triangle—One obtuse angle and two acute angles.

FIRST BOAT THROUGH THE OPENING IN GAMBOA DIKE



The first boat to enter Culebra Cut from Gatun Lake after the Gamboa Dike was blown up was a native canoe manned by two Americans, who paddled their light craft through the new channel almost immediately after the explosion.

FLOATING ISLANDS IN GATUN LAKE



These floating islands are frequent in Gatun Lake and are pushed out of the Panama Canal channel by a steam launch, which may be seen in the photograph.

COL. GEORGE W. GOETHALS.



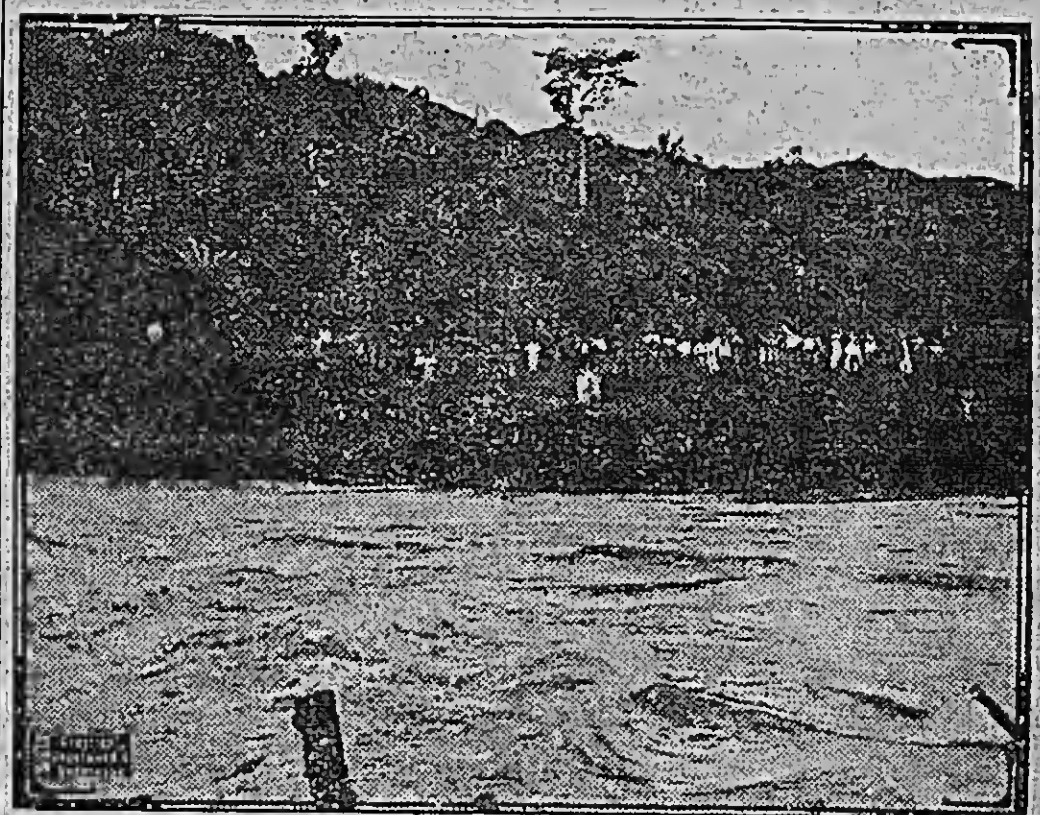
Colonel Goethals, chairman and chief engineer of the Isthmian canal commission, who has made himself forever famous as the builder of the Panama canal.

Drawing the Line.
"You risked your life to keep her from drowning."
"Of course, I did."
"And yet you insisted upon her being thoroughly and satisfactorily attended before you would cash a check for her!"
"One can't be too cautious where money is at stake."

Pleasures of the Rich.
"Mrs. Van Millen is back from Europe."
"And what is she puffed up about?"
"Seems she smuggled in two packages of foreign cigarettes."

The Explorers.
Knicker—It must be thrilling to tread where man never trod before.
Booker—It is. Try tracking up your wife's pet rug.

RUSH OF WATERS INTO CULEBRA CUT



Like a mountain torrent the waters of Gatun Lake poured into Culebra Cut through the sixty-foot gap in Gamboa Dike made by the explosion of 1,600 pounds of dynamite. At Gold Hill the flood was partially dammed by the Cucaracha slide and within an hour and a half the cut was filled to lake level.

WATER POURING THROUGH GAMBOA DIKE



Shrieking whistles and cheering crowds greeted the first rush of water through the huge rent in the Gamboa Dike when that last obstruction in the Panama Canal was blown up with dynamite. Well in front of the throng of spectators stood Colonel Goethals, silent but visibly gratified at the moment which marked the virtual completion of his mighty task.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER, 22 1913

STANDING OF CONTESTANTS AT THE CITY SHOE STORE

Standing of the contestants for the piano, sewing machine, gold watch and toilet set for the week ending, October 15, is as follows:

Contestant's Number	votes	Contestant's Number	votes
1.....	8009	92.....	16725
2.....	14575	93.....	11325
3.....	6000	94.....	14555
4.....	6270	95.....	13855
5.....	16175	96.....	10250
6.....	11000	97.....	10525
7.....	8450	98.....	10025
8.....	14000	99.....	28660
9.....	11125	100.....	12275
10.....	14935	101.....	12450
11.....	20810	102.....	13350
12.....	104225	103.....	14625
13.....	9000	104.....	12325
14.....	11000	105.....	10675
15.....	14000	106.....	11950
16.....	10000	107.....	11825
17.....	13000	108.....	12525
18.....	16035	109.....	13125
19.....	10000	110.....	13150
20.....	11000	111.....	10275
21.....	25250	112.....	11175
22.....	12050	113.....	13500
23.....	12000	114.....	9975
24.....	11850	115.....	13725
25.....	13100	116.....	13555
26.....	8500	117.....	9815
27.....	12570	118.....	10015
28.....	11550	119.....	13000
29.....	12000	120.....	12950
30.....	18075	121.....	11775
31.....	7000	122.....	11250
32.....	12200	123.....	12625
33.....	15000	124.....	13495
34.....	12500	125.....	9500
35.....	13000	126.....	9825
36.....	17000	127.....	10625
37.....	10250	128.....	7275
38.....	13000	129.....	11125
39.....	14200	130.....	13250
40.....	13550	131.....	14125
41.....	16000	132.....	12125
42.....	19140	133.....	13425
43.....	10000	134.....	10875
44.....	10555	135.....	11495
45.....	13600	136.....	10370
46.....	11955	137.....	14835
47.....	14525	138.....	10660
48.....	14750	139.....	170700
49.....	16075	140.....	15125
50.....	14025	141.....	11475
51.....	22260	142.....	11375
52.....	14250	143.....	10875
53.....	10550	144.....	23250
54.....	12000	145.....	16900
55.....	16595	146.....	11075
56.....	19100	147.....	12125
57.....	14720	148.....	10875
58.....	20935	149.....	10775
59.....	17550	150.....	13425
60.....	23250	151.....	13275
61.....	16975	152.....	13530
62.....	16000	153.....	15825
63.....	16775	154.....	10575
64.....	15525	155.....	13125
65.....	13350	156.....	54325
66.....	23635	157.....	10275
67.....	16000	158.....	13125
68.....	15225	159.....	12725
69.....	11750	160.....	12825
70.....	12700	161.....	2000
71.....	16000	162.....	13125
72.....	15250	163.....	11825
73.....	5000	164.....	13250
74.....	15560	165.....	10035
75.....	13650	166.....	12100
76.....	13350	167.....	13720
77.....	14475	168.....	176510
78.....	14950	169.....	13125
79.....	16450	170.....	13075
80.....	12225	171.....	11525
81.....	13450	172.....	11925
82.....	10725	173.....	11575
83.....	10950	174.....	20985
84.....	11825	175.....	10480
85.....	23375	176.....	10575
86.....	11725	177.....	11475
87.....	15225	178.....	15125
88.....	13925	179.....	15345
89.....	11425	180.....	14335
90.....	11285	181.....	13325
91.....	11625		

Castle for Shop Girls.
For many years the Count Greban de Pontourny, owner of a stately castle and large grounds in beautiful Touraine, has been charming each day in Paris by the sight of thousands of pretty little maidens, dressmakers' assistants and shopgirls whom the hour of noon liberates for their daily walk along the boulevards. Nothing how some of them, rosy and fresh at first, grow paler from their work in the crowded sewing rooms, he left when he died recently the castle and its park to the maidens of Paris. He also provided sufficient money to maintain the castle with a perpetual house party of young girls resting and recruiting there. In future any midwife needing a holiday has only to apply and to show that she is free from infectious complaint to be received there as a guest free of cost.

AUCTION SALES

Having decided to quit farming, I will sell at Public Auction without reserve, on the premises, situated, 11 miles west of Hickory corners and 33 miles east of Antioch, on what is known as the Ira Webb farm, on

Tuesday, October 28
Commencing at 10 o'clock sharp the following property to wit:

5 Head of Horses—Span of well matched black horses, 7 and 8 years old, weight 2700; bay horse 7 years old; bay horse 8 years old, choice black colt 1 year old.

30 head of hogs—7 choice brood sows 14 choice shoats 6 months old, 9 choice pigs, 3 months old.

40 head of sheep—22 choice Shropshire ewes, 17 choice Shropshire lambs, 1 choice Shropshire buck, 2 years old.

36 head of cattle—20 head of choice young milk cows, some fresh milkers, others coming in soon, 10 choice 2-year-old, 1 heifer with calf, 5 head of choice heifer calves, 2-year-old pure bred Holstein bull.

Farm machinery—New Deering grain binder, McCormick corn binder, McCormick mower, McCormick hay rake, set bob sleighs, Keystone hay loader, new lumber wagon, complete, 2 good truck wagons, Galloway manure spreader, new sulky plow, 2 good hand plows, 2-horse corn cultivator, 2 good set of harrows, 22 S-gal. milk cans, milk cooler, upright steam engine, 10 h.p., Appleton corn husker, 6-rol, Appleton feed grinder, lead cutter, fanning mill, 3 set of double work harness, 2 set of single harness, 30 grain bags.

Farm produce—800 bu white oats, 200 bu barley, 50 tons timothy hay, 8 tons wild hay, stock good straw, 20 acres corn in shock, quantity of house hold goods, also forks, shovels, hoes and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Free lunch at noon.

Usual terms
August Haldorf, Prop.
Col. J. Kenney, Auctioneer.
F. W. Morris and Geo. Bartlett Clerks.

The undersigned having decided to quit farming will sell at Public Auction on the premises known as the A. Burke farm 2 1/2 miles southwest of Antioch and 4 miles northwest of Lake Villa on the east bank of Bluff Lake, on Friday, November 7
Commencing at 10 o'clock sharp the following property to wit:

11 head of cattle—10 milkers and

near springers, one yearling heifer.

4 head of horses—1 dark bay gelding 6 years old, weight 1500; 1 black mare 10 years old, weight 1300; 1 bay mare, weight 1200; 1 sorrel driving horse 7 years old, weight 1000; 60 chickens.

Grain—450 shocks of corn, about 150 bushels of oats, quantity tame hay, stack of straw.

Machinery—Champion grain binder, McCormick mower, hay rake, riding plow, spring tooth cultivator, pulverizer, new, set drags, walking cultivator, shovel plow, corn sheller, 2 walking plows, 1 3-inch truck wagon, milk wagon 2 sets work harness, 3 milk cans, grind stone, 1 20-gallon meat jar, cauldron kettle and other articles too numerous to mention.

Lunch at Noon
Usual Terms.
Mrs. A. Burke and Sons, Prop.
Geo. Vogel, Auctioneer.

ROSE NOBLY TO OCCASION

Book Lover Seized with Avidity Opportunity for Storage of His Beloved Treasures.

Antioch, Oct. 22.—Naturally somewhat what a naturalist, I have become used to hearing her describe the family as a small body of humanity entirely surrounded by books, but this morning when she observed at the breakfast table that "There are books everywhere in this house except the bathroom and the fire escape" I felt obliged to reply with a certain show of firmness:

"My dear, your statement is incorrect."

"Indeed?" with an indescribably ironic rising inflection of which only the feminine voice is capable. "And may I ask why?"

"Because, my dear, the fire escape is not in the house. It is something quite exterior. However, I went on hurriedly, seeing my chance and boldly resolving to seize it. "I have been thinking of the fire escape for some time. It has occurred to me that it could be included at a trifling expense and would in that form afford a good deal of wall space and shelf room which I could utilize to advantage, at the same time leaving ample room for access in case of need."

Place He Hadn't Looked.
After searching 36 hours for a "lost horse," Al Stevens of New York discovered that the animal had walked upstairs in the loft.

REMINGTON'S ATONEMENT

By D. L. GLOVER.

Remington tossed his cigar stub into the grate and lighted a cigarette. "I don't know why I am telling you all this," he observed—"I was always one to contend against confidences."

"And I am at a loss to understand why you haven't told me before, considering what good friends we've always been."

I regarded him almost hopelessly. I had never seen a fellow change so. Up to the time of his marriage, five or six years before, he was the jolliest, most open-hearted, ingenious boy I had ever known. The wedding took place in Ireland, to an Irish girl. She was reputed to be beautiful, and as good as she was beautiful.

They lived together just three months. After the separation Remington was never the same.

No one ever knew the real cause of the rupture. Neither vouchsafed any explanation, and the public was too wise, for once, to invent one.

When he came back home everything he said to me was:

"Don't ask me any questions, Tom. I loved her—and I'm a broken-hearted man."

Today, for the first time, he had given me his confidence.

"I think I can sympathize with you better than any one else," I told him. "I appreciate your temperament thoroughly, and then—I am married myself. I know what it means to love a woman as you did that one."

"And it is your opinion that I was entirely blameless in the matter?"

"Absolutely."

"Mightn't there have been extenuating—"

"I don't admit anything of the sort."

"It was the one transgression,"

"I don't take much notice of arguments of that kind. In all probability the action was merely a text to her whole character."

Remington whitened at this, but said nothing. Then, after a pause—

"She was young—very young. I didn't give her a chance—not even half a chance. I don't believe she was guilty after all."

"Yet you divorced her?"

"My entire course was marked out by impulse—less, passionate. Had I loved her less, things might have been different."

"Have you a picture of your—of her?" I asked presently.

"Not one; I burned them all—then."

As he spoke, he pulled out his watch, and started to his feet with a

"You mustn't think of leaving without seeing my wife," I objected, laying a protesting hand on his arm. "I want you to meet her; I want you to see what admirable taste I have in

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LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the
Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., Oct. 20.—The committee declared butter at 29c.

L. Rothers is building a new garage.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Nagle on Oct. 2nd, a baby girl.

Frank Hook was an over Sunday visitor with Antioch friends.

Orville Harrower of Evanston spent over Sunday with his parents here.

Miss Deedie Tiffany will give a basket picnic at the Stearns school on this Friday evening.

For Sale—100 bushels of rye and a stack of rye straw. Inquire of D. A. Cushing, Antioch, Ill.

John Thayer returned home Sunday night from several weeks visit with relatives in northern Wisconsin.

Frank Waterman, who was seriously ill in a hospital at Milwaukee, is at the home of his mother, Mrs. Goodrich.

All persons in debt to me must settle on or before Nov. 1, 1913, or bill will be put in hands of collectors. Dr. J. H. Reading.

For Sale—A closed carriage in good condition, 6 passenger. Can be driven single or double. Apply W. H. Howe, Lake Catherine.

Mrs. John Nelson of Kaukauna, Wis. returned home Monday, having spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. M. A. Hoyt and niece, Mrs. Charles Webb.

Lost—A Ladies gold watch on Saturday, Oct. 19, between Pikeville and Antioch. The name "Grace" engraved on case. Finder please leave at this office.

The Liberty Cemetery Helpers have postponed their meeting, Tuesday, Oct. 21, with Mrs. Hollister and instead will meet Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 23, with Mrs. Harry Orvis. All are cordially invited. Mayde S. Robbins, sec.

Last Friday evening about 45 young people gathered at the Edgar House to give Archie Maples a farewell reception. Music and games were played after which a dainty luncheon was served. He left Sunday evening for England, where he will make an extended visit.

Sunday School Rally Day, October 26. A splendid program is being prepared, all members and friends of the Sunday are expected to be present. The Rally Day program will begin promptly at 11:30 a. m. and will be preceded by the preaching service, the topic of the sermon will be "The Importance and Meaning of the Sunday School."

Notice to the Public

I hereby notify the public that on and after this date, I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife. William Hancock.

Antioch, Ill., Oct. 23, 1913.

RELIC OF PREHISTORIC AGE

Discovery in Germany Has Aroused Antiquarians in All Parts of the World.

The bones of a monster believed to be 20,000 years old were recently discovered in the garden of a mansion at Perlau, near Erlang, Germany. This recent find has led to the belief that a skull of curious formation, unearthed twelve years ago, is that of a rhinoceros of the Pleistocene period, and probably about 20,000 years old. Authorities have pronounced the head to be that of a prehistoric monster. When the excavations were made there were also discovered parts of a Roman wall, several human skulls, coins and spears. The rhinoceros skull was found underneath a shed which has been standing for 300 years, and the foundations of which consist of concrete to a considerable depth. It was in the course of removing this concrete and digging some yards below that the discovery was made. As little importance was attached to it, the skull was given to a gardener, who handed it over to a child, the boy, who found it. The lower jaw, teeth, and legs of the animal have now been found. The skull itself is about 36 inches in length, and weighs about 100 pounds. The leg bones are short and thick, and the feet to support the theory that the animal was a rhinoceros.

Simplicity Pays

You know that man who assumes a superior air, talks patronizingly of clergies, manages to squeeze in quite a dictionary of words in his ordinary conversation, and does not seem to understand the value of simplicity? Of course you do. Several men met in front of the Bank Inn the other day, and immediately got into the deep waters of political debate. "And now," said the principal speaker, pompously, after an eloquent flow of language, "perhaps you will coincide with me."

"Why, yes, thanks, old man," answered a red-nosed individual, moving towards the door of the inn. "I don't care if I do."

Miss Smith spent Sunday in Chicago.

Overcoats for men and boys at Webb's.

Mrs. Schilke and Mrs. Claude Brogan spent the first of the week in Chicago.

Robert Kelly of Chicago was calling on Antioch relatives and friends over Sunday.

All kinds and sizes of overcoats for men and boys that are worth the money. Chase Webb.

All persons having work unfinished are requested to have same finished by Nov. 1, 1913. Dr. James H. Reading.

Sequoit Lodge, A. F. & A. M. Antioch will hold a special communication Saturday evening, Oct. 25. Work on Third.

The Zohak Club are putting a new wall on their property at Lake Catherine, to protect the bank from washing into the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hawkins and baby returned home Monday night from a week's visit with relatives in Whittling, Ind.

The first snow of the season visited this section on Monday night about one inch of snow falling, accompanied by a high wind. The thermometer registered 20 degrees above zero.

Agents Wanted—Highest cash weekly and part expenses. Outfit free. Home territory. Experience unnecessary. Our contract the finest ever written. Under our plan you can make \$20 per week and up, over and above expenses. Write Hawks Nursery company, Wauwatosa, Wis.

The Liberty Congregational church Sunday services: 10:30 a. m. preaching service, Theme: "Who is He?" 11:30 a. m. Sunday school, and 8:00 p. m. Christian Endeavor, Theme: "Blazing the Way." Cherry songs and Bible topics. Solo singing. You are invited. James Patterson, pastor.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton O. Bestor of 519 Clayton street, Waukegan, moved to Milwaukee where he has accepted position as traveling salesman for the Waltham Piano company. Mr. Bestor will be remembered as manager for the Fulton Music company of Waukegan, and his many friends here wish him success in his new field.

To the Ladies of Antioch and Vicinity

All who order a suit or coat to the value of \$20 or over before Nov. 1st, will receive a discount of 7 per cent. Give me a call and see goods for your self whether you buy or not.

Mrs. A. G. Watson.

MAY BE RALEIGH'S SETTLERS

Group of People in North Carolina Hard to Account for in Any Other Way.

There lives in the woods and swamps of Robeson county, North Carolina, a strange group of people, in appearance somewhat resembling Portuguese or mulattoes. Their manners, customs, and personal appearances are unlike those of any other race on the American continent, says the Southern Workman, and, in accordance with their neighbors is limited to the extent which necessity demands. Harking back to 1587, it will be recalled that one of the expeditions of colonists sent out from England by Sir Walter Raleigh arrived on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, under the command of Capt. John White. Capt. John White never saw his people after he left them on Roanoke Island and returned to England for supplies. When he returned the little band, it is supposed, had gone to the mainland and been absorbed in an Indian tribe. It is now believed that the descendants of this tribe of Indians are at this time living in Robeson county, where more than thirty families have names similar to those of White's colonists.

Austrian Cooking Fat

Lard is very expensive in Austria, especially at Carlsbad, consequently it is regarded somewhat as a luxury. As a substitute a preparation known as "spelsalt" or cooking fat, is used. It is sold under the name of "ceeres" and it is said that its principal ingredient is palm oil. This substance is prepared in the towns of Bodonbach and Aussel and sells for 145 crowns for 100 kilos (\$12.40 for 100 pounds) in large quantities, or 1.6 crowns a kilo (14 cents a pound) in small quantities in Carlsbad. It is put up in cakes weighing one-half kilo (1.1 pounds) and is sold without a container. In appearance it is much like cottonseed oil, owing to a treaty with Germany, enters Austria under very much more favorable conditions than cottonseed oil, the duty on the former being 2.5 crowns for 10 kilos, while the duty on the latter is 40 crowns.

Dangerous Pride. Unfortunately, a proud spirit is always in danger of being mistaken for a bad disposition.—Puck.

Mrs. Margaret Hoekney has returned home after several weeks stay in Chicago.

My overcoats are the best that can be bought for the money. Chase Webb.

Lost—Between Antioch and Grass Lake a gent's small hand bag. Finder please leave same at this office.

Mrs. B. H. Overton, Mrs. Maude E. Sabin and Mrs. Rob. Selter left Tuesday for a week's stay at West Baden, Indiana.

Dr. Barber, Optician, will be in Antioch at H. J. Barber's every two weeks. His next date is Oct. 30. All work guaranteed.

For Sale—Two story seven room house, barn, two lots. Plenty of shade and fruit. For particulars call at this office, or address C. C. King, Box 254, Antioch, Illinois. 5tr adv.

Hog cholera is putting in its appearance in the vicinity of McHenry. One farmer residing near that village reports the loss of seventeen hogs and large losses are reported by other farmers from the same malady.

Wanted—Long term lease of 100 feet on eastern shore of Grass Lake. Must have shade and easy access to water at low stage. Tenant to build cottage thereon. Apply to Carlton Prouty, Waukegan, Ill. adv 4w

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

SUNDAY SERVICES

10:30 a. m. Preaching service.
11:45 a. m. Sunday School.
6:30 p. m. Epworth League devotionals service.
7:30 p. m. Song and Preaching service.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday Prayer Meeting.

The topic of the sermon next Sunday morning will be: "The Meaning and Importance of Sunday Schools."

Rally day service of the Sunday School at 11:30 a. m. to 12:30. Everybody is invited to both services.

See extended notice elsewhere in this issue about the Sunday School convention. The public generally is invited to attend all the meetings of the convention.

The Epworth League will have a Halloween social in the basement of the church Friday evening, Oct. 31.

LIVES IN DEADLY WEAPON

Inventor Will Long Be Remembered as Originator of Famous Gatling Gun.

The first of those terrible engines of warfare known as the Gatling gun was invented in 1862 by Richard Jordan Gatling, who was born in North Carolina. Gatling, the son of a rich planter, was well educated, and early devoted himself to scientific work and mechanical experiments. His first device was a screw propeller for steamships, on which, on applying for a patent, he found himself antipathized by Ericsson. Next he contrived a machine for planting rice, wheat and other grain in drills, which proved highly successful. Having used his inventive genius in such a manner as to assist in feeding and preserving humanity, he next set about the task of contriving a machine for killing his fellows. There were crude rapid fire guns in use when Gatling turned his attention to the subject, but they were of little practical value. The Gatling gun, soon led to a revolutionizing of artillery, and until his death the inventor devoted his time almost exclusively to perfecting and manufacturing that formidable weapon, which has been adopted by all the armies of the world. Tens of thousands of graves now attest to the deadly accuracy of the slaying machine invented by Gatling.

Curly-Headed Jurors.

"Challenged!"
"Challenged here, too."

Then, as the curly-headed jurymen departed with an angry flush, the tip-staff whispered:

"Challenged, you see, by prosecution and defense alike. I tell you what it is, nobody ever wants a curly-headed man on a jury."

"Lawyers tell me that they don't like curly-headed jurors because such fellows are always conceited and stubborn and are apt to cause jurors to disagree."

"Why are curly-headed men conceited and stubborn? Well, the lawyers say they're spoiled in childhood. Curly hair being regarded as a sign of beauty, they are petted and favored by their mothers outrageously. Then, when they grow up the girls pet and favor them. The path of a curly head is strewn with roses—roses scattered as you might say, by the white hands of the ladies."

"The result is that curly-headed men think they know it all. They are as vain as peacocks and as obstinate as mules. Therefore, they can't get on a jury at any price."

Supplying a Necessity.

An English policeman entered the house of a publican one morning and informed him that it would be necessary to hold an inquest there in the afternoon. Now the landlord had a great objection to anything of the kind, and said: "Oh, I can't be troubled with inquests in my house. Here, what'll you have to drink?" Robert said he'd have a drop of Scotch, which he did. "Have a cigar, too," said the host. After the consumption of two Scotches and cigars the constable said he thought he could get the inquest held somewhere else, but as he was leaving the landlord remarked: "By the way, who are they going to hold the inquest on?" "No one as I know of now," said the man in blue; "but it 'ud 'a been me if I hadn't had these drinks an' smokes."

Necessity for Insight.

There can be no insight without sympathy, and without insight one can never be really or widely helpful in the world.

Midnight Inspirations.

Many eminent men have done some of their most famous work in bed. Indeed, no small part of the world's literary treasures have been produced between the sheets by physically indolent although mentally active men of genius.

Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus" came to him as he was sitting by his fireside on the night after a violent storm. He went to bed, but could not sleep; the Hesperus would not be denied, and as he lay the verses flowed on without let or hindrance until the poem was completed.

Wordsworth used to go to bed after his morning walk, and, while breakfasting there, dictate the lines he had composed while walking.

One at least of Rossini's operas was composed in bed.—Manchester Evening News.

Height of Stinginess.

Many a "good fellow" is so stingy with his family that he'll stand between his wife and a show window.—Judge.

When Sea Feeds Land.

Seaweed, at one time thought valueless, is a wonderful fertilizer. Tons of it are collected in carts at low tide by the Cornish farmers and around the coast of England.

After being dried in heaps, it is spread on the land. There its nutritive properties of hydrogen and potash, in which it is very rich, are absorbed into the soil, and produce wonderful crops. New potatoes from Jersey, and spring cabbages from Cornwall, are raised with seaweed fertilizer. The sea also furnishes food for the land in other ways.

The despoiled starfish, in many places known as five-fingers, are eagerly sought and carried away in tons from the coast to fertilize the fields further inland. Small fish, too, are used for human food, not sold by the million as manure. Rich in phosphates, a primary element in land fertilizers, they are good for almost any kind of root crops.

World's Strongest Wood.

An Australian wood called ynte is said to be the strongest known and is imported for automobile construction.

Mistaken Shrewdness.

There is a mistaken brand of shrewdness which regards telling the truth as so easy that it isn't worth while.

DEAR MR. CUSTOMER:—

Don't be weak on the price proposition, it's really a secondary consideration.

"Quality is remembered long after price is forgotten"

A growth based on honest endeavor to give quality, to emphasize the good, to avoid error, is permanent and carries within itself an impetus for continual advancement.

We handle the very best material on the market, and our prices are based upon the Quality of the article.

PLUMBING & HEATING, a specialty. Strictly sanitary plumbing (Guaranteed) whether your water supply is from city or otherwise.

Prices and Estimates given on the following Hot water, steam, warm air furnace heating, acetylene and gasoline gaspiping and fixtures, pneumatic water supply systems, gasoline and kerosene engines, pumps and wells supplies, pipe and fitting. Galvanized iron cornices, eaves troughs and gutter, builders hardware, stoves and ranges, gasoline and kerosene stoves. Fishing tackle, American wire field fencing, guns and ammunition National copper cable lightning rods and

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Exceptionally low prices, on

MERCHANDISE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Williams Bros. Antioch Store Inc. Established 1871

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Ask for our HOME TRADE PRICE MAKER

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Artificial Light

will be a great necessity during the next six months

There is but one artificial light that meets every requirement

Electric Light

The current that creates it will likewise operate iron servants will perform all the household drudgery

No income is so small to use Electric Light

Is your house equipped for it? If not we can make you an interesting proposition to wire it

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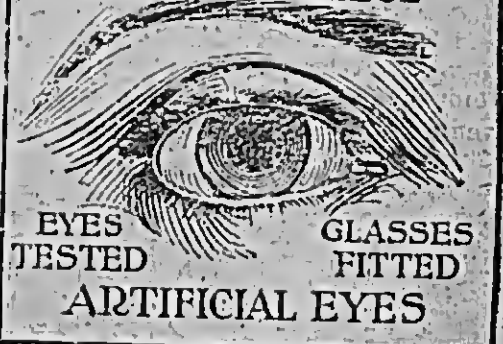
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SEQUIT LODGE No. 827, A. F. & A. M. hold regular communication the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethren always welcome. FRANK HUBER, Sec'y.

The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Dora Sablin, W. M. IDA OSMOND, Sec'y.

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Lotus Camp No. 557 P. W. A.

Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting neighbors always welcome. ED. GARRETT, W. M. J. C. James, Clerk

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Loam and Diamond Bricks. Number 24 North Dearborn. Diamonds, Watches and all kinds of jewelry at less than cost. At half the regular prices.

GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION

By REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By Edgar Bert Smith

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SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized champion in a foot-race with the cowboy of the Centipede ranch. A house party is up at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, suggests to Jack Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the phonograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Fresno, club singer from Stanford university and in love with Helen, tries to dissuade Speed with the ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race. Willie, the gunman, declares the trainer will go back east packed in ice. If Speed falls, a telegram comes from Covington saying he is in jail at Omaha for ten days. Glass in a panic forces Speed to begin training in earnest. The cowboys force Speed to eat in the training quarters and prepare him a lot of very rare meat. Miss Blake takes a cake for Speed and is offended when Larry refuses to allow him to eat it. Covington arrives on crutches. He says he broke his leg in Omaha. Mrs. Keap, engaged to Covington and in love with Jack Chapin, exposes Speed to Helen, because Speed had failed to prevent Covington from joining the party. Speed decides to "double himself," but Skinner, the Centipede runner, appears with a proposition to throw the race.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Say, what is all this fuss about? I don't want to be smuggled anywhere, thank you!"

"I may not be able to square my men," Chapin reiterated. "It may have gone too far."

"Square! Square! Why should you do any squaring? I'm not going to run away," Miss Blake clasped her hands and breathed a sigh. "I've got to stay here and run a foot-race to-morrow."

"Don't be a fool, Wally!" Covington added his voice to the others.

Speed whirled angrily. "I don't need your advice—convict!" The champion hobbled instantly out of range. "I know what I'm doing. I'm going to run to-morrow, and I stand a good chance to win."

Mr. Fresno, if he had been a girl, would have been said to have giggled. "All right, dearie! I'll bet you five hundred dollars—as there emerged from the darkness, whence they had approached unseen, Stover, and behind him the other men.

"Evenin'! What's all the excitement?" greeted the leader, softly. The master of the ranch stepped forward.

"See here, Bill, I'm sorry, but I won't stand for this foot-race."

"Why not?" queried the foreman. "I just won't, that's all. You'll have to call it off."

"I'm sorry, too," the owner spoke ominously.

"You bet he does!" Willie pushed himself forward. "This foot-race is ordained, and it comes off on time. I make bold to inquire if you're talkin' for our runner?"

"Gentlemen, I can only say to you that for myself I want to run!" declared Speed.

"Then you'll run."

"I refuse to allow it," Chapin declared, and instantly there was an angry murmur, but before it could take definite shape, Speed spoke up with equal decisiveness.

"You can't refuse to let me run, Jack. There are reasons," he searched Miss Blake's countenance—"why I must run—and win. And win I shall!"

Turning, he stalked away into the darkness, and there followed him a shout of approbation from the ranchmen.

Jack Chapin threw up his hands.

"I've done my best."

"The man's mad!" cried Covington, but Fresno was nearer the truth.

"Nothing of the sort," he remarked, and struck a match; "he's bluffing!"

As for Helen Blake, she shook her fair head and smiled into the night.

"You are all wrong," she said. "I know!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE day of the race dawned bright and fair, without a cloud to mar its splendor. As the golden morning wore on, a gradual excitement became apparent among the cowboys, increasing as the hours passed, and as they prepared with joy to invade their rival's territory, nevertheless, the vigilant eye upon their champion did not

been doing night duty in accordance with Stover's orders. What with the trainer's loud complaints, the excited words of his captors, and the confusion resulting when the bunk-house emptied itself of men half clad, it had taken the ranch-owner some time to discover that Glass had been surprised in the act of escaping. It seemed that the scuttles, seeing a figure skulking past the white adobe walls of the house, had called upon it to halt. There had been a dash for liberty, then a furious struggle before the intruder's identity became clear, and but for Chapin's prompt arrival upon the scene violence would inevitably have resulted.

"I tell you, I'm walkin' in my sleep," declared Glass for the twentieth time.

"Carman! You try for get away," stormed the Mexican. "Pig!"

"Not a bit like it! I've been a son-of-a-bitch ever since I'm a baby."

"Why didn't you answer when we called?" Cloudy demanded.

"How can I talk when I'm sound asleep?"

"If you couldn't hear us call, why did you run?"

"Now have a little sense, pal. A sleep-walker don't know what he's doin'."

"Since there's no harm done, you'd better all go back to bed," Chapin advised. "Mr. Glass has the liberty of the ranch, boys, night or day, asleep or awake."

"Looks to me like he was tryin' to elope some," Stover, balanced upon one bare foot, and undertook to remove a sand-burr from the other. In the darkness he seemed supernaturally tall, so that Glass hastened to strengthen his story.

"I was walkin' in my sleep as nice as you please when those rummies lep on me. Say! You know that's dangerous; you can kill a guy walkin' him up so sudden."

"There's easier ways than that," spoke Willie from the gloom.

"It's a yep trick just the same. I was in the middle of a sweet dream, too."

"Come, come, Stover, get your boys back to bed! We'll have the whole ranch up with this noise."

Chapin himself led Glass around the house, while that gentleman made no offer to explain the dream which had prompted him to pack his suitcase before letting himself out of the training-quarters. Once safely back in the gymnasium, he sat up till

There was indistinguishable dissent of some sort from Mr. Covington.

"and she learned to detect him!" Mrs. Keap likewise dissented in accents muffled.

"Well, she would have learned to detect him in a short time, because she's in love with Jack Chapin; so she came to old Doctor Speed in her troubles, and he promised to fix it all up. Now I guess you four can do the rest of the explaining. If you ever get in trouble, come to the match-making kid. I'll square it."

They were four happy young people, and they lost no time in escaping elsewhere. When they had gone, their benefactor said to Miss Blake:

"Wouldn't you like to make that a triple wedding? We might get club rates."

For answer Miss Blake hurried to the door and was gone.

Over at the Centipede there was a great activity and yet a certain idleness also, as if it had been a holiday. The men hung about in groups listening to the peripatetic phonograph.

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"Now don't begin to aviate until you understand the truth," Speed continued. "While she's engaged to that broken-toed serpent, she doesn't love him, do you see?" He smiled.

"I do not see!"

"It was simply a habit Mrs. Keap had got into—I should say it was an impulsive engagement that she has repented of."

"No doubt she was repenting when we interrupted you," said Miss Blake, bitterly.

Then Chapin added, helplessly:

"But Culver is engaged to my sister Jean!"

"Jean!" Mrs. Keap exposed her tragic face. "Then—she deceived me! Oh—h! What wretches men are!" The widow commenced to sob.

Outside came Miss Chapin's voice: "So here you are, Mr. Covington!" And the next moment she reappeared, dragging the crippled champion behind her. Thrusting him toward Roberta, she pouted: "There, Mrs. Keap! I give him back to you."

"Perhaps you'd better go on with your explanations," Chapin suggested, coldly, to Speed.

"How can I when you won't listen to me? Hear ye! Hear ye! Culver was engaged to marry Mrs. Keap, but she discovered what a reprobate he is."

There was indistinguishable dissent of some sort from Mr. Covington.

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"Well, she would have learned to detect him in a short time, because she's in love with Jack Chapin; so she came to old Doctor Speed in her troubles, and he promised to fix it all up. Now I guess you four can do the rest of the explaining. If you ever get in trouble, come to the match-making kid. I'll square it."

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RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Earl Potter was home Sunday.
Earl Avery made a business trip to Peoria last Saturday.
H. Hendricks and family spent Sunday at H. Sherwood's.
Mrs. E. Thayer is visiting relatives in Evanston this week.
Mrs. Carl Miller and son spent last week with relatives at Whitewater, Wis.

Joe Pester has improved his property by the addition of a fine wire and iron fence.

Roy Kerr and Miss Ella Johnson of Chicago were over Sunday visitors at the Jas. Kerr home.

D. R. Manzer returned last week from Deerfield, Mo., where he recently attended the funeral of his aunt.

Jacob Fish is very ill at his home near Rollins. His family was called to his bedside and are in constant attendance.

Rev. Hutchinson and wife are boarding at Ernest Sheperdson's for the winter, so Albert Kapple moved his family into the parsonage the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Atwell had quite a surprise on the occasion of Mrs. Atwell's 60 birthday. The children met and furnished an elegant dinner, also in honor of the sixth birthday in the family this month.

The sidewalk in the west end of town are getting much needed attention. The old board walk along the Kerr and Sherwood property have been removed and a cinder walk built up, while Mr. Snyder and Mr. Dickson put in cement walks.

MILLBURN

Chris. Cook has rented the A. H. Stewart farm.

Miss Alice Nelson spent the past week in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gorham of Waukegan visited here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Safford returned home this week from their vacation.

E. N. Cannon entertained company from McHenry county Sunday.

Mrs. H. Minto entertained relatives from Union Junction, Wis., Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Bonner visited Waukegan and Evanston relatives last week.

Mrs. Philip Deimeyer entertained company from Waukegan Sunday.

RUSSELL

Mrs. Corris entertained Chicago company this week.

Miss Austin of Milwaukee spent Sunday with Russell friends.

Mrs. Wilson of Ashland, Wis., is visiting her son George here.

Miss Anna Carlson and friend of Kenosha were callers here Sunday.

Robert Patch and wife of Chicago spent a few days last week here.

Miss Amy Ames and Miss Browe were Milwaukee callers Wednesday.

Allen Dixon and wife are spending a few days in Waukegan and Kenosha.

Mrs. Laura Corris returned from Chicago Saturday after a two weeks visit there.

W. L. Lunday has moved his harness business into Geo. Wilson's lumber office.

He Had Heard It

It was during the lunch hour and four genial business men were sitting at a table. Outside the air was soft and balmy, and everything in nature was a sweet allurements to buy a railroad ticket and beat it for the woods. "It is in my system," remarked one of the party, reflectively glancing through the open window. "There is nothing so appealing as the call of the wild." "It may strike you that way, old fellow," responded another with a faint smile. "But right here I beg the privilege of casting a dissenting vote." "You don't know what you are talking about, Jim!" emphatically declared the first. "Did you ever hear the call of the wild?" "Yes," replied Jim, with something akin to a sigh, "from the head of the stairs the other night, when I didn't get home till two o'clock in the morning."

Daily Thought

There is a man can live he can also live, but he may not have to palace.—Marcus Aurelius.

SILVER LAKE

Dr. Fletcher was a caller here Friday.
Dewitt Dixon visited in McHenry over Sunday.

Miss Mary Gallagher of Chicago visited here Thursday.

Gilbert Runkel and family spent Sunday at John Salvin.

Andrew Johnson and wife of Powers Lake Sundayed here.

Mrs. Mathews and daughter visited Wednesday at the Flemming home.

Mrs. Elfers and children visited her mother, Mrs. Shennings this week.

Robert and Augustine Mathews of Burlington were over Sunday guests here.

Among the Burlington visitors the past week were: Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Steffer, Mrs. Hazemann, Mrs. Walburg.

Burglars broke into Dalton's store Saturday night, getting away with some clothing and a few other things. They were caught Sunday near Lily Lake wearing some of the clothing they got from the store.

HICKORY

Mr. Bert Edwards Waukegan caller last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McGuire called on Mrs. McGuire Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas Peterson visited the past week in Burlington, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Hollenbeck spent Sunday with C. C. Ames at Grayslake.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Wells and daughter were seen on Hickory street, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Savage and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Chinn spent Sunday at Hebron, Ill.

Hickory Church Notes

Sunday school begins promptly at 1:45 p. m. The pastor will teach the Adult Bible class. He wants all the children around Hickory church to come to Sunday school. Preaching at 2:30 p. m. Come out and help make a success of our work.

Rev. Gale of Wilmette will give an entertainment at the Hickory church Thursday evening, Nov. 15. Mr. Gale is a splendid elocutionist and humorous reader. Program later.

Miss Ada Tillotson has been elected Cradle Roll Superintendent and will be glad to get the names and birthday of all children under 4 years of age who live around Hickory church. A pretty Cradle Roll certificate will be given each child.

Miss Grace Tillotson is our new Home Department Superintendent. She will be glad to furnish Home Department Quarterly to all who will study the lesson at home at least 30 minutes each week.

The pastor will preach on the "Importance of Sunday School."

A. O. Stixrud.

HIS MESSAGES GIVEN BACK

And Hubby, Astonished at Their Bravery, Wondered How That Should Be.

A busy English merchant was about to leave his home in Brixton for a trip on the continent, and his wife, knowing his aversion to letter writing, reminded him gently of the fact.

"Now, John, you must be eyes and ears for us at home and drop us an occasional post card telling us anything of interest. Don't forget, will you, dear?"

The husband promised. The next morning his wife received a postal card: "Dear wife, I reached Dover all right. Yours aff."

Though somewhat disappointed, she thought her husband must have been pressed for time. Two days later, however, another card arrived, with the startling announcement: "Here I am in Paris. Yours ever." And still later: "I am indeed in Paris. Yours."

Then the wife decided to have a little fun and asked her pen and wrote: "Dear husband, the children and I are at Brixton. Yours."

A few days later she wrote again: "We are still in Brixton."

In her last communication she grew more enthusiastic. "Dear husband, here we are in Brixton. I repeat it, sir, we are in Brixton. P. S.—We are indeed."

In due time her husband reached home, fearing that his poor wife had temporarily lost her senses, and hastened to ask the meaning of her strange messages. With a winning smile she handed him his own three postal cards.

FOUND SOMETHING NEW

By JOHN COTTER.

"Yes," admitted the girl with the coat of tan, "I was at a really stylish resort. And I've had the best time! They were perfectly wonderfully nice to me—and they entertained continually."

"I dressed early the first day and hurried down to the store after a book on card games before the party began, because I knew that I was ignorant of anything except old maid—and I've heard how they played nothing but bridge whist and such things. I hated to appear like an ignoramus."

"Well, by the time the party began I had mastered the principal rules of bridge and 500, and I kept repeating them under my breath, for fear I'd forget. But when they put out the tables and we were gathered around I had them so mixed up that I couldn't think for the life of me which was which and I was in a cold perspiration of fear. I knew I was about to ruin all my prospects of a reputation for having brains!"

"Then what do you suppose? Boxes and boards were laid for checkers! I was so relieved at first that I couldn't speak. Of course I used to play checkers when I was young, and I remembered how, so I got along swimmingly. I never dreamed of explaining where I'd got my training and couldn't imagine why they were all so surprised that I could beat occasionally."

"Then at the next party I went to the found after luncheon that dominoes was the game. Dominees! Why, I used to beat even dad and mother at dominoes when I was about eight. It seemed like home, for I hadn't even seen a domino since my early school days."

"I won almost every game I played. You'd have thought I had done something marvelous from the way they congratulated me! It was sort of embarrassing for I thought they were being just polite—and perhaps a little sarcastic—to the guest of honor, and I wasn't used to being a lion!"

"I tried to explain that it was nothing, that I really couldn't help beating when they all made it so easy, but I hated to tell them that they were like a lot of babies as far as adding and subtracting were concerned or they'd have been nearer my score. It seemed unkind, not to say rude, to tell them that I'd outgrown that easy game years before! So I had to accept the beautiful prize as gracefully as possible."

"But when we got to the next party and found on the beautiful inland card tables tiddledywinks I held my breath! Tiddledywinks! Imagine! Why, I'd shot tiddledywinks into the dish so much that it was harder to miss than



"I Had to Accept."

to get them in! And do you know, not another of those people could play even half way straight! I was ashamed, truly, to appear so superior! I tried to miss, but somehow I couldn't!"

"By that time I was friendly enough with some of the people to ask about bridge and 500."

"My! said my hostess, 'we're all so tired of those old games! We've had such a time finding something new and original—and we're so delighted with these that we've found!'"

"Yes, these high and mighty persons were really in earnest about my infant games! And they thought they'd found something new! They had passed their youth playing pingpong and tennis and shuttlecock and badminton, and if they'd ever heard of the common games they'd forgotten!"

"So I've come home quite satisfied. I've dug out my old checker board and I've bought a game of tiddledywinks and a game of dominoes, and we play these old games all the time!"

"Did looked on with amusement at first, but now he has entered the contest, and we hardly stop to eat!"

"I'm so glad I went, because if I hadn't I'd have been ashamed to be caught playing these old games, and they're perfectly fascinating!"

"Come over to my house and I'll enter your name. We're getting up a league, you know."—Chicago Daily News.

ON THE WRONG TRAIL

By FRANCES SMITH.

Apologies of the leading incident herein related, I will say that I was never other than a theoretical sportsman.

The only excitement I ever had, except getting enough to eat, was a love affair in my early twenties. The object of my affections was a little brunette with more money than sentiment, and more brains than either. I had two rivals; Mr. Benny, minister, whose physique, finances and prospects were light; Mr. Meels, grocer, whose physique, prospects and finances heavy.

When my ardor had reached the speaking point, I said:

"Madge, will you marry?"

"Yes," said Madge.

"My darling," I murmured, "how I love you."

"Well," she murmured back, "what of it?"

"Why, we are going to be one, aren't we?"

"It appears to me that you are already won," she smiled. "Who is the other one?"

"You."

"Who?"

"You."

"Me?"

"Yes, me—I mean you!"

"Oh," at last she understood.

"Where are we all three going to live? You know, Mr. Benny—"

A horrible fear came over me. "Great heavens!" I cried, "is he going to marry you, too?"

"That's what he said," averred Madge.

"He never shall!" I swore. "I'll kill him like I would a buffalo."

"I think Madge laughs too much sometimes."

"The idea of you killing a buffalo!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll marry the first one of you that does kill a buffalo!"

I would rather Madge had accepted me in a more conventional manner, but suppressing all selfish considerations, I cried: "Done!" and was off to challenge Benny. He accepted readily.

A week later found us camped in the then sparsely buffalo-settled region of Colorado. The first day we spent trying to get suggestions relative to buffalo hunting. These suggestions were discussed over our coffee that evening.

"Cowboys (all men west of the Mississippi were cowboys to him) are cowards," said Benny. "I asked one of them 'if you were I where would you go to hunt buffaloes?' 'Where I would be least likely to find them,' he replied. 'My good man,' said I, kindly tell me how you do bring down a buffalo. He took another chew of tobacco and squinting one eye, replied: 'I about them in their tracks. That is the best place for you to shoot a buffalo, young man, right in its tracks, and the older the tracks are, the better.'"

My own information had been more practical. I had been told to lasso my buffalo and tie it to the nearest tree, where I could shoot it without danger. "At least to the buffalo," my informant added absent mindedly.

Unfortunately, I forgot my lasso the next morning and had to depend entirely upon my gun.

While we lunched Benny was apparently seized with an attack of delirium tremens.

"Buffalo, buffalo!" he shrieked, and danced about.

"A cluster of them?" I asked.

"Only a solitary," he shouted, "but it's mine," and mounting his horse he backed rapidly away, presumably to keep the buffalo in sight while he circled it. Rival as he was, I had to admit that it was the tactic of a brave man.

As for me, I bodily started toward the buffalo. I had gone but a short distance when I came to an old dug-out which had partly filled, leaving enough ingress for a man nearly half my size to crawl through. The animal, scenting danger, approached me. Fearing lest I frighten it away, I got as far as I could into the dugout. The buffalo came on, its head lowered, its tail furiously lashing at the flies on its back. I slipped the rest of the way into the dugout, and though my heart beat like a sledge hammer, I coolly put my gun to my shoulder, braced myself firmly against the farthest wall, and with bated breath watched the majestic creature move slowly by and out of range of my gun. I panted to pursue, but found that it would require an hour's work with my knife to enlarge the ingress sufficiently for me to get out. When I did get out, the buffalo had escaped, and in the distance I beheld Benny spurring his horse to full speed. I was disgusted with Benny. Why should he sit calmly on his horse within a mile of the buffalo, let it escape him, and then exhibit such trepidation because it had done so?

On the return I found a couple of men skinning buffaloes. I bought a hide, went on and was first to reach camp. Pretty soon Benny arrived.

"Well!" said he.

"What do you think of this?" and he unrolled a fresh hide.

"I think you are about as smart as I am," I evasively answered. "Where did you shoot your buffalo?"

"Right in its tracks!" said Benny.

While we stared at each other a "collect" telegram was brought us. It read:

"Don't slay buffalo. I have married Madge.—R. Meels."

AT THE TREE OF DEATH

By A. L. MESERVE.

Two men stood side by side in the heart of the forest one autumn afternoon as the sun was going down. They were nearly of the same age, and in the very prime of life.

Each was armed with a long rifle and a knife.

Upon their faces was a mingled look of sorrow, and stern determination, which plainly showed that some ill fortune had come to them.

And, indeed, ill luck had come to one of them. All that he possessed in this world which was dear to him had fallen beneath the hand of the red destroyer.

His wife and children had that very morning been slain by the savages, and the cabin which had been their happy home given to the flames.

He had been absent hunting in the forest at the time, and knew nothing of the terrible misfortune which had befallen him until he stood upon the edge of his clearing, and saw the work of devastation which the red hands had done.

Dick White, his friend, stood by and cheered him as well as he could in this, his hour of need. He seemed to divine what was passing in Hart's mind, and he said:

"We cannot help them. They are past our aid now. But there is one thing, Simon, that we can do. We can live and work for vengeance. Let us follow the murderers, and not give over the search until they are wiped from the earth, or we have fired our last shot."

"You are right, Dick," answered the settler, grasping him by the hand. "I will live for vengeance."

For the space of a minute he gave way to his anguish, then he exclaimed, suddenly:

"Come, the trail is plain before us. Let us take it and follow on at once. I never before thirsted for the blood of a redskin. Now I would wipe out the whole accursed race at one blow if I but had the power to do it!"

They lost no more time about the ruins of the cabin, but started off at once. The trail was easy to follow, and they had gone on until they had reached the point where we see them standing in the heart of the great silent forest, with the sun going down before them.

For a few moments they had been standing motionless, without a word passing between them; but now Dick White broke the silence by exclaiming:

"Simon, we are almost upon them."

"What makes you think so, Dick?"

"Look! Do you not see how fresh the trail is? It cannot have been made a half hour ago. There! Did you see that twig spring up there? It would not have done so had it not just been pressed down. They are not a mile away now, and I'll bet they're going to camp about the Hollow Oak."

"I hope that you may be right. I long to be dealing blows of vengeance upon them. It does seem as though I could not content myself much longer."

Swiftly, yet cautiously, they glided along the trail, while the sun went down behind the western tree tops and the shadows of evening began to gather thickly about them.

Crowning an eminence, they could see through the twilight the hollow oak, beneath the branches of which they felt sure of finding the savages.

The night was come when at length they stood close to it, and saw, shining through the trees the light of a camp fire.

Silently they crept nearer and nearer, until at last they stood so close to the tree that they could count the savages clustering about the fire. They were seven in number.

As motionless as statues they stood there, with their eyes fixed upon their enemies. Slowly the minutes went by. It seemed that the time for them to strike would never come.

The light of the camp fire grew paler and paler, and at last only a faint glow remained. The savages huddled about it, and to all appearance each and every one was buried in slumber.

The hour of vengeance had arrived. Noiselessly the two hunters crept toward their victims. In one hand they held their rifles and in the other their knives. A few steps brought them to the side of the nearest savages.

"For my wife, my children!" exclaimed Simon Hart, in a whisper, as he buried his knife to the hilt in the heart of a savage.

The blow of Dick White was no less strong and sure, and two of the savages lay weltering in their gore, their careers ended forever.

So silently and surely had the blows been struck that neither had uttered so much as a groan. Their comrades still slept on, unconscious of the doom impending.

Again the knives of the avengers were raised, and true to their aim they did the work assigned to them.

But three of the savages now remained.

"Another blow for my murdered ones," shouted Simon Hart, in a tone of triumph which rang out like a trumpet through the stillness of the night.

The remaining savages sprang to their feet, but before they could raise an arm in their defense a couple of bullets ended the career of two of them forever. The remaining savage turned to flee, but he had hardly quitted his tracks before Simon Hart was upon him, and one blow completed the work of vengeance.

For years thereafter the Hollow Oak was known to the settlers of that region as the Tree of Death.

MR. FLURRY IN A HURRY

By EMILY F. SMITH.

In this life there is always something we have time for. However important the issue of our present occupation, there are possibilities which may light upon us and engross us until they take wings and fly away.

Mr. N. A. Flurry has never been still long enough for any possibilities to light on him. He is one of those distressingly busy men that remind you of a Waterbury watch; they wind and wind and when they get wound, they run and run and next they do it all over again.

Mr. Flurry has not accomplished very much, because he has always been in such a hurry that he hadn't time.

One morning at the first ring of the alarm clock, set for six, Mr. Flurry fell out of bed, plunged into his clothes, snatched his breakfast, and having a half hour to kill, he awakened the baby and tried to dress it. He let it fall, and as the infant had been badly spoiled by its mother, it began to cry, so he gave it to Mrs. Flurry, and worried the dog until he saw a car coming. As usual, it was not the right car. He would have torn to the office, anyway, had not Mrs. Flurry happened to think of something at the last minute, as she always did. Involving him into a kiss, she held onto his collar and said:

"Dear, I know how awfully in a hurry you are, and I just hate to ask you—"

"Drop it! Stop it!" snapped Mr. Flurry, grabbing his hat. "I'm not going past the grocery at all. I don't expect to make a speech with the butcher, baker or candlestick maker this side of Christmas. Jerusalem! Do you take me for a patent, self-adjusting automobile messenger service? Am I your idea of a working model of perpetual motion? Br-r-r!" and he lunged toward the door.

"But, love," and Mrs. Flurry clung to the lapel of his coat, not at all shriveling in the least of his glare, "it is only a small matter; it will take just a minute. The gas jet in the hall wasn't quite turned off last night and gas is escaping."

"Turn it off yourself!" snarled Mr. Flurry. "Do you take me for a janitor or a charwoman? Do I look like a chambermaid or a policeman? I am a business man, madam, working with the force of a hydrostatic press to supply you with food and energy, and here you hang on like a wood tick."

He lunged her off and dashed out, only to fall over a rug in the hall. Mr. Flurry swung the chair a high, hanged it against the side of the horse, and pitched it over the back fence. During that psychological moment, Mr. Flurry felt something crawling across the back of his hand.

It was nothing but a wasp, a little creature that God creates for reasons of his own.

Mr. Flurry had seen hundreds of wasps before, and as a child he cares nothing for them. He is afraid of them. Indeed, he has been heard to say that he would not hesitate to walk into a swarm of them if he believed to the wasp crawled slowly to his elbow, browsed around and crawled back. It did not walk very heavy, still Mr. Flurry could hear all the steps clear back to his teeth.

Mrs. Flurry came to the kitchen door. She saw him kneeling, with one hand in the grass and the other in the air, an expression of fearful contemplation on his chaste countenance, and she felt more kindly toward him and happier than she had been since the day before she was married. She went to him and stood him.

"My ownest," she murmured, "if you not to be sorry about the nasty things you have said to me. I know you didn't mean them. You are your own dear. Why don't you get up and go to the grocery and get your gas and just get purple in the face and forgive you? You needn't. I have ready forgiven you, and I'm glad it happened, because we understand each other better, now. What is the matter with your arm? Is it paralyzed? I see. What is that wasp doing to your sleeve? Why don't you shake it out?"

"Shaking before taking is the natural order," he answered, in a low tone. "The wasp is already there; it has arrived; and I want it to feel free to leave without mutual unpleasantness."

While he was making himself out a modern Siddhartha, in a kind of monotone that wouldn't offend the wasp, Mrs. Flurry got it by the head and dropped it in the rain barrel.

Which Is Truly Scientific

"I thought you said Tompkins was an omnivorous reader?"

"So I did."

"Rebaw! Why he hasn't even read David Copperfield."

"I forgot to tell you that he confuses his reading to a single subject."

"Some branch of science?"

"Yes, baseball."

